

*Frontispiece.*



*Lord Lovel forces Clarissa to leave her Father's House.*

*Frontispiece.*



Lord Lowder forces Clarissa to leave her Father's House

CLARISSA;  
OR THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
YOUNG LADY.

Comprehending the most  
Important CONCERNS of private Life.

Abridged from the Works of  
SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq;  
AUTHOR OF  
PAMELA, and Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

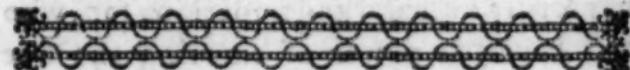
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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS Clarissa Harlowe, the subject of this History, was the youngest daughter of James Harlowe, Esq; and was adorned with great personal charms, and such perfections, as rendered her the subject of general admiration. Her father was a gentleman of a rigorous, inflexible temper, and extremely tenacious of his authority as a husband and a parent. Her mother was a lady of a mild and gentle

A 2 disposition;

disposition ; but too much over-ruled by her lordly husband and imperious son, who left her little power of exerting the fine qualities she possessed. This son was of a proud, untractable, unforgiving temper ; his sister Arabella greatly resembled him in her disposition, and as she was not distinguished either by her beauty or accomplishments, it is no wonder that her sister Clarissa, who was universally beloved, should be the object of her secret jealousy and dislike : but she had another reason for her aversion ; her grandfather had left Miss Clarissa a handsome estate, with a very elegant building called the Dairy-house, and enjoined his sons not to dispute it with her. This estate, however, raised ill blood in the family ; though the mild and charitable, humble and unambitious Clarissa, resigned it to her father's management, which for a time prevented those heart-burnings from breaking out, which her brother and sister were unable to stifle.

While

While Mr. James Harlowe, Clarissa's brother, was gone to Scotland, Lord M— informed their uncle, Mr. Anthony Harlowe, that Mr. Lovelace, his nephew, was desirous of entering into an alliance with the family, and that gentleman, who was a gay young rake, was admitted to pay his respects to Miss Arabella, while Clarissa was from home at the Dairy-house. The next day Miss Arabella paid her a visit, and let her know that she was highly pleased with this event; though she lamented that he was wild, and fond of intrigues; but took notice that he was young, and a man of sense. At the next visit she liked him still better; but though he afterwards made her several others, he avoided all particular declarations. A conduct which Miss Bella attributed to bashfulness, and grew extremely fond of a modest man; but on his still continuing silent on a subject that lay near her heart, she at length grew offended. Mr. Lovelace, who in every thing behaved with the utmost art, took the opportunity of his

seeing her angry, to urge his suit; when she told him that she had no inclination to change her condition, and was quite happy as she was. This Mr. Lovelace resolved to take for a final answer, and expressing great concern at her resolution, took his leave, and never more renewed his suit. Mean while Miss Bella, who was greatly disappointed, made a virtue of necessity, and pretended to be extremely glad that she had rejected him.

Mr. Lovelace sometime after returning into the country, paid a visit to the family, professing that he was very desirous of cultivating a friendship with it, though he had been so unhappy as to be deprived of the hope of the wished for alliance; and the lovely and accomplished Clarissa being now present, his attention was observed to be entirely fixed on her, and the next day Lord M— making a formal proposal in behalf of his nephew, Mr. Lovelace was permitted to continue his visits; though Clarissa's father had received a letter from his son, wherein he charged Mr. Lovelace with

with gross immoralities, which induced him to suspend the declaration of his own mind, till his son's return; on which account Clarissa would give him no opportunity of conversing with her in private.

Mr. Lovelace now became very intimate in the family, though Miss Clarissa never appeared to think his visits paid more to her, than to the rest, Meanwhile a young gentleman under the care of Mrs. Harlowe's brother-in-law, being soon to make the tour of Europe, and Mr. Lovelace, who had already made it, being able to give a good account of what was most necessary for a young traveller to observe, he was asked to oblige them with a description of each country and court he had visited; to which he consented, on condition Miss Clarissa would direct his subjects.

In this situation was Mr. Lovelace with the family, when Mr. James Harlowe returned from Scotland, and being told of his visits, loudly expressed his disapprobation. He had an inveterate hatred

hatred of Mr. Lovelace, that had arisen from their frequent quarrels at college, where that gentleman had sometimes ridiculed the haughty airs he assumed ; and as Mr. James Harlowe never forgave what he thought an injury, he readily seized this opportunity of shewing his resentment. Miss Bella joined her brother from very different motives : she boasted her having discarded Lovelace, for which she received the praises of her brother ; and when they could not avoid seeing him, their behaviour was cold and disobliging, and soon degenerated into rudeness. One day, on Mr. Lovelace's coming, young Mr. Harlowe abruptly asked, what business he had with his sister ; on which the other said haughtily, he would answer a gentleman any way ; but wished he would not assume such high airs, as he was not at college. Both their hands were on their swords ; but a gentleman interposing, the affair passed off for that time ; yet as Mr. Harlowe seized every opportunity to insult Mr. Lovelace, they fought, and the former was wounded

wounded, and afterwards attacked by a slight fever; on which the whole family flamed out, laying all the blame on the innocent Clarissa.

Mr. Lovelace, who had generously given the young gentleman his life, sent three days successively to enquire after his health; and on the fourth came to pay him a visit, which was considered as an insult upon the whole family; and the father, though lame with the gout, could hardly be restrained from meeting him sword in hand; while the engaging Clarissa, terrified at this confusion, fell into a swoon, and on her recovery, was cruelly insulted by her insolent sister. At length Lovelace hearing of Clarissa's illness, retired vowing revenge.

As Lord M— was less inclined to blame his nephew than to take his part, the whole family were afraid of him, and though they believed that Clarissa corresponded with him, their regard for their own safety prevented their forbidding her. Mr. James Harlowe soon recovered, when both he and

and his sister, the one from deep-rooted hatred, and the other from slighted love, detested the name of Lovelace, and resolved to prevent all possibility of his entering into an alliance with the family, by having their sister speedily married. He proposed several gentlemen, but she rejected them all; and yet had such influence over her father and uncles, who had hitherto shewn great affection for her, as to be permitted to have some will of her own: but being now teased and used ill at home, she intreated to be allowed to spend some time with Miss Howe, her most dear and intimate friend, which, notwithstanding the opposition of her brother was granted.

She had been absent near a month on this most agreeable visit, when, without the least notice, the chariot was sent to fetch her instantly home; she was greatly surprized, and immediately obeyed. On her return her consternation was increased, at seeing, instead of the pleasure with which she was used to be received, a stiff formality sit on all their countenances; and

and at her being accused of being in Lovelace's company, she pleaded, that she had never conversed with him alone, and that it did not become her to prescribe who should visit Mrs. Howe. To this her father answered, that she had been too much indulged, and had refused several gentlemen; but that it was now his turn, that he would be obeyed, and therefore insisted on her consenting to marry Mr. Roger Solmes.

This gentleman was deeply in love with her; but was possessed of no one good quality; yet was immensely rich. Clarissa's generous heart rose against him, and she loathed the wretch who was famed for his avarice and meanness. Her opposition to this disagreeable proposal exposed her to the most mortifying insults from her brother and sister, and the harshest treatment from her parents and uncles. She was neither permitted to go to church, nor to pay any visit; nor to appear before her father and mother. Her maid, who loved her, was turned away; and Betty Barnes,

a pert

a pert servant of her sister's, set over her. In short, she had no other consolation, but her correspondence with Miss Howe; for, being permitted to feed some Bantam poultry in an old woodhouse, at the side of the garden, she deposited her letters under a brick in a hole in the wall, that opened into a narrow lane; whither her friend's servant came for letters, and deposited his young lady's answers in the same place.

In this distress she wrote several moving letters to her brother and sister; but in return received the most bitter taunts and insults, with severe reflections on her supposed fondness for Lovelace. She also wrote to her father and uncles; but they all remained inflexible. In vain she urged her aversion to Solmes, who, though he had a sister in distress, had proposed to make over his whole estate to them in case he died without issue by Clarissa. Hence they alledged that her aversion ought to yield to the aggrandizement of the family, and the commands of a father, who having made no doubt of her compliance, had gone

gone too far to recede ; and therefore she must and should be Solmes's wife.

While Clarissa was involved in this distress, she was dreadfully frightened by the sudden appearance of Mr. Lovelace, who had entered the wood-house in disguise. However his respectful behaviour in this lonely place, soon dissipated her fears ; but she was in terror lest he should be seen ; she therefore reproached him for the danger to which he exposed her, and was hastening from him, when, throwing himself at her feet he entreated her stay for a few moments, declaring that he had committed this rashness only to avoid a greater ; he being no longer able to bear the insults he received from her family, while his forbearance would be attended with no other effect, than his losing her for ever, by her being obliged to marry the object of her aversion. She answered that no consideration should induce her to marry Solmes, since she could, with great sincerity, declare for a single life. Here interrupting her, he expressed his concern

that after so many instances of his tender and obsequious devotion—Clarissa stopped him by asking, Why he did not in plain words mention her obligation to him for his unwished-for perseverance, that set all her friends against her. She must forgive him, he said, for presuming to hope for a greater share in her favour, when so vile a reptile as Solmes was set up as his competitor; and that if she was driven to extremities, his family would be proud of giving her their protection. In short, his behaviour encreased her confidence in him; and she was surprized to find that he seemed as well acquainted with the cruel treatment she met with as herself.

Soon after this she received a very affectionate letter from her mamma, in which were inclosed patterns of rich silks from London, for the choice of several suits she was to have on her marriage with Mr. Solmes, with orders to come and shew her those she liked best: but commanding her not to come into her father's or her presence, if she was still resolved to continue

tinue undutiful. Her aversion to Solmes made her look on the patterns with horror; and she remained in her chamber, though reminded by Betty, (Miss Bella's pert maid) that her papa and mamma waited for her in her father's study. In this perplexity she sent her entreaties to speak to her mamma alone; but in return, received an angry letter from her father, that he would never see her more till she was Mr. Solmes's wife.

At this time her dear friend Miss Howe warmly advised the resumption of her estate; but Clarissa, from a principle of duty, was averse to any litigation with her father, even though by his barbarous treatment she should be reduced to want. Mr. Lovelace paid that young lady a visit, in order to engage her interest with her friend: He complained of the repeated insults he received from the Harlowes, and with an air of fierceness, told Miss Howe, that if Clarissa was forced to give her hand to Solmes, he should despise the world, and the world's censures, since the

menaces of the family, and their triumph over him would warrant the utmost effects of his vengeance.

Clarissa had just received an account from Miss Howe of this visit, when her relations resolved to force her to a compliance, by sending her to a moated house belonging to her Uncle Anthony, where she was to be debarred from writing to any one, and have no other visitors but Solmes and her barbarous Brother and Sister. On this resolution she wrote warm remonstrances to her brother, and had the spirit to add, that she should think it hard to be compelled to go to any one's house, when she had one of her own, to which she might retire. Soon after this letter was sent, Miss Bella came up in a flame : O spirit, cried she, Is it to come to this at last ?—You want to be independent, do you ? My Papa has lived too long for you !—Clarissa was going to speak, when rudely putting her handkerchief to her mouth, you have done enough with your pen, she continued ; but your independent

dent scheme will not be granted : Prepare this moment, for to-morrow you go, depend upon it: 'Tis determined, Child, you must go to-morrow. Thus she ran on, till Clarissa, quite out of patience, cried, No more of your violence ; talk in this manner to your servant ; and let me tell you, I won't go to-morrow, except I am dragged away by violence. What, girl, resumed Bella, not if your papa and mamma command you ? That command shall come from their own mouths, returned Clarissa, and not from yours ; and say another word, let the consequence be what it will, I will force myself into their presence, and demand of them, what I have done to be thus treated. Come along, child —— come along, meek one, cried Bella ; you'll find both your despised parents—I don't want to be led, returned Clarissa ; and since I can plead your invitation, I will go. She was hastening to the stairs, but Bella locked the door ; on which she returned, and went into her closet.

In the evening a letter was brought her from her sister, in which she was told, that her mamma had begged her off, till the next week, but she had done her business with the family; for, thanks to her stubbornness, none would receive her but her uncle Anthony. Clarissa sent the copy of this epistle to her mother, with a short one of her own, desiring to know if she was thus used by her's or her father's order? since if she was, she would submit. In return, her mother wrote, that she had ordered her sister to moderate her zeal for their authority, and concluded with bidding her try to deserve a more agreeable treatment. In short, it was resolved, that within three days she should go to her uncle Anthony's, which she learned from an insolent note written by her brother.

Clarissa was in this perplexed situation, when she received a letter from Lovelace, in which he observed, that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her, and begged her to meet him in the garden; owning that he had procured

procured a key, but was afraid of dis-  
obliging her by coming without her leave;  
telling her also he was ill of a cold he had  
caught by waiting in the coppice behind  
the garden, in the midst of the rain. Miss  
Clarissa, who was rendered desperate by  
the severity of her relations, and felt her  
pity, if not her love, excited in his favour,  
let him know that she would meet him the  
next night. She had no sooner deposited  
her letter, than her heart misgiving her,  
she went to take it away, but Lovelace  
had been so watchful, that it was already  
in his possession.— This was Tuesday, and  
on Thursday she was to be carried to  
the moated house, from which there ap-  
peared no possibility of escape. Finding  
that her relations were unanimously re-  
solved on this step, she sent a note to her  
uncle Harlowe, entreating more time:  
A request which they refused to grant,  
without the hard condition of her re-  
ceiving a visit from Solmes; when in or-  
der to comply as far as she was able, she  
accepted of the delay on their own terms,  
but

but deferred the disagreeable interview till that day sevennight.

Clarissa having obtained so much time, revoked her appointment with Lovelace, desiring him to write what he had to communicate. In his answer, he complained, in very high terms, of her breaking her promise, and now appeared rather the haughty, than the humble lover. Clarissa, in her reply, expressed her surprise at the freedom of his reproaches, and told him, that she was so much alarmed at this treatment, that she desired the last letter he had written might be the last trouble he would give himself on her account.

That unhappy lady, filled with the apprehension of her being carried to her uncle's, now sent Miss Howe a small parcel of linen, with all her papers ; and that young lady promised to try to engage her mother to give her privately her protection. Two days after she received another letter from Lovelace, who expressed himself under mortal apprehensions from Solmes's visit, and even proposed to fix her in a place

place of security, either with the ladies of his family, or wherever she should chuse, and then leave her entirely at her own liberty, either to agree with her friends, or to approve or reject him, as his future conduct should deserve. But she told him in her answer, that she had intended never more to write to a man who could reflect on her, for making use of her own judgment; censuring him for his clandestine proceedings, in order to come at the secrets of her family; and observing, that her aversion for Solmes would not permit her to doubt her resolution; tho' she would not have him interpret this aversion in his own favour.

The dreaded time of meeting came, and Clarissa being ordered into the parlour, went down with trembling reluctant steps. Solmes, who was richly dressed, approached her, cringing to the ground, with a visible confusion on every feature. After half a dozen choaked-up hems, he began, He was very sorry—it was his misfortune—it was his misfortune—and

then he stopped. Clarissa sat down, turning her face from him, and fanning herself. On which he resumed, it was his awe, his extreme reverence for so superlative a lady, and he hoped she would not despise him for such true tokens of love. He then added, she might have heard things to his disadvantage ; and if she would mention them, he would either own his faults, or convince her that he was basely belied. Clarissa acknowledged that she had, but as he was nothing to her, nor ever could be, it did not become her to concern herself about them. He returned, that he was very sorry to hear it, but was sure she should not tell him of a fault that he would not be willing to correct. Then correct this fault, said she, don't occasion a poor young creature's being compelled in the most material article of her life, in behalf of a person she cannot value. I don't see, Madam, he replied, how my withdrawing my addresses would render you happy. That is nothing to you, she cried, interrupting him ; you will then not

be to blame, and will be intitled to my most sincere and hearty thanks.

Mr. Solmes now paused, and appeared irresolute; when her uncle Anthony coming in, immediately cried out, So, niece, sitting in state, and giving a haughty audience. Why this distance, Mr. Solmes? I hope before we part to see you on a more intimate footing. Clarissa on her uncle's entrance, rose up, and humbly besought his compassion. You, niece, he replied, will have every body's favour when you have learned to deserve it. If I ever can deserve it, she cried, I certainly deserve it now: I will engage never to marry without my father's consent, and yours, Sir, and every body's. I will take the solemnest oath that can be offered me.—That, returned her uncle, in a threatening voice, is the matrimonial one to this gentleman. It shall, cousin Clary, and the more you oppose it, the worse it shall be for you. You shall sooner, Sir, she cried, follow me to the grave: And Mr. Solmes, added she, take notice

notice, there is no death I would not sooner undergo than be for ever unhappy by being yours. Her uncle now swore she should, in spite of all opposition, be Solmes's wife, within a week at farthest. To which she replied, I am very sorry, Sir, to see you out of temper, and am but too sensible, all this is owing to my brother's instigations, who would be far from giving the instance of duty so cruelly exacted from me.

She was now going, when her brother bolted upon her, crying, Return, pretty Miss. Your intriguing brother shall redeem you! You shall be redeemed from ruin, by being married to this worthy gentleman, and hereafter you will thank him for his condescension. Then seizing her hand, he pulled her to Mr. Solmes, and endeavoured to join their hands; on which Clarissa strove to snatch her's from him. How now, Miss Clary! he cried; And How now! she returned. What right have you to dispose of my hand? Let me go, Sir. You design, by your unmanly gripping,

ping, to hurt me. But why am I treated thus by you? At this, he tossed her hand from him with a whirl that pained her shoulder. She wept, and both Mr. Solmes and her uncle Anthony blamed him. As soon as she could speak, she again addressed herself to Solmes, telling him, that if he had any regard either for her, or even his own happiness, he would prosecute his addresses no farther. Can you think me, Sir, added she, so poor a slave, as to change my mind from the violent usage I meet with? And you, Sir, continued she, turning to her brother, if you think meekness always indicates tameness, and that there is no magnanimity without bluster, for once own yourself mistaken; for you shall be convinced that a generous mind is not to be forced; and—No more I charge you, interrupted the imperious brother, and then turning to his uncle, cried, see, Sir, your faultless niece, your dear favourite!

By this time, the young lady was ready to faint, but no body minded her: She

rang, and on Betty's coming in, ordered her to bring a glass of water ; on which her brother cried to Solmes, Art, damned art ! Clarissa having drank the water, leaned on Betty's arm, and was withdrawing, when her uncle let her know, that he had not yet done with her ; on which she promised to return as soon as she had recovered her spirits, and was permitted to go into the garden. In about half an hour's time, she was again ordered into the parlour, where she continued alone, till her uncle Anthony ushered in Mr. Solmes. For God's sake, Madam, cried the latter, folding his hands ; on which she asked, How came God's sake and his to be the same. No more supplications, Sir, cried the uncle : This perverse and foolish girl despises all I intended to do for her ; I will therefore change my measures. Clarissa thanking him for his kind intentions, said she would chearfully resign all claim to any of his favours, except kind looks and kind words ; adding, that if he would be so good as to convince her brother and sister,

sister, that he had altered his former intentions with respect to her, it might procure her better treatment from both. At this instant burst her meanly listening brother, in a violent rage, calling her names. Was this, he asked, her constructions of his care and concern for her? As to your care and concern for me, she replied, my papa and mamma are happily both living; and were they not, you are the last person I could wish to have any concern for me. I am entirely independent of you, tho' I don't wish to be so of my father.

At this instant Betty entered to desire her young master to attend his father. He went, and poor Clarissa heard her once indulgent parent say, in a thundering voice, James, instantly carry this rebel to my Brother Anthony's. She shall not stay another hour under my roof. Upon this she flew to the door, and on her knees begged for admittance, entreating her father not to cast off his kneeling child. Her uncle and Mr. Solmes were both moved, but her hard-hearted brother held

the door, to prevent her seeing her father, and, at last, letting it go, Clarissa fell flat on her face into the room, but all her friends were departed. Soon after her brother came to demand her keys, and to tell her that she must go directly to her uncle's. She refused to send them till she knew that he had her father's authority for what he did; but they were soon sent for by another messenger, to whom she delivered them. However her mother with great difficulty prevailed on her father to defer sending her to her uncle's for a few days; but for this she was to endure another visit from Mr. Solmes, who would now have read to her an anonymous letter, in which Lovelace's character was very freely treated: But she insisted on not hearing it, as the person accused was absent, and the accuser unknown. This her uncle Anthony termed prepossession. Meanwhile her implacable brother entering with looks of resentment, told Solmes, that when she was his, he ought to make her as sensible of his power, as she now did

did him of her insolence. Clarissa, looking at Mr. Solmes, bid him observe how her brother courted for him; on which he returned, that he disclaimed Mr. Harlow's violence, and would never remind her—when she interrupting him, thanked him; but added, he should never have the opportunity. He uncle and brother being now called out of the room, she went up to her own apartment.

While the lovely Clarissa was thus agitated by continual apprehensions of her being united to a man for whom she had the greatest aversion, she was informed by a letter from Miss Howe, that she had tried in vain to persuade her mamma to give her protection, if she was forced to leave her father's house. At the same time she found by a letter from Lovelace, that he was acquainted with all the severe treatment she met with, and of his earnest entreaties to accept of the protection of the ladies of his family. But while she was hesitating how to act, she was told that all she feared from her uncle's chapel,

would be performed in her own chamber. This news was confirmed by her aunt Hervey, who informed her that Mr. Lovelace's menaces occasioned this hasty resolution; and that the whole family were resolved to have her married the following week: That her father himself would bring her the settlements for her to sign; and as she had complained of harsh usage, he had resolved on making use of all the mild and gentle arts of persuasion, to induce her to yield. But whether she consented with a good grace or not, it was absolutely resolved that she should be married to Solmes. Clarissa only answered, Indeed I never will.—This was not originally my father's scheme—indeed I never will. All I shall say, replied Mrs. Hervey, is, that as Mr. Lovelace has resolved to force you out of their hands, I can't help saying they are in the right, in resolving not to be bullied out of their child. Clarissa soon after sent to desire a week's respite, when the answer was, did she want to give the vilest of men an opportunity

to

to put his murderous schemes in execution? She now called on Mrs. Harvey, who was present, to witness, that she was guiltless of the consequence of this barbarous compulsion. She soon grew in a manner frantick, and insisted on seeing her father; observing, that her dreadful situation set her above all fear, and that she should rejoice to owe her death, as she did her life, to him. She even went half-way down stairs, in order to rush into his presence, and to throw herself at his feet; but hearing her brother's voice, she stopped: He was talking to Miss Bella, and she heard him say, It works charmingly sister, let us keep it up, and then the villain will be caught in his own trap. She must now do what we would have her. Do you, replied Bella, keep my father to it, and I will take care of my mamma. Never fear, replied he, with a laugh of exultation.

This malicious dialogue gave a new turn to Clarissa's passions; her aunt led her back to her chamber, and strove to

soothe

soothe her mind, but she wasullenly silent, and as soon as she was gone, took the resolution to disappoint her brother of his unmanly triumph. She wrote to Mr. Lovelace, that as she had no other means of escaping her brother's tyranny, she would meet him the next Monday at the garden gate, and put herself under his protection. But soon after she had taken this rash step, she ran to take back the letter, when she found that Mr. Lovelace had taken it away, and another was left full of the most tender expressions. This she answered, and informed him, that as there were yet three days to come before the dreaded time arrived, her parents might relent; in which case she reserved to herself the liberty of acting as she thought proper, and to this he respectfully acquiesced.

Clarissa immediately wrote to inform Miss Howe of what she had done, when that young lady, in the ardour of her friendship, offered, rather than she should be forced into Lovelace's protection, to become

become the companion of her flight. To this Clarissa could not consent; but as her dear friend was averse to her having recourse to him, she resolved to stay and brave the worst, and accordingly wrote to inform Lovelace that this was her resolution: But this letter he would not take away, lest it should contradict her former promise.

Lovelace came at the appointed hour; but instead of listening to her reasons, artfully drew her to the outside of the garden door; beseeching her to haste to a chariot which waited for her. She in vain urged, that she had considered of it, and was determined not to venture; he continued pulling her after him towards the chariot, saying, that he had been watched, and that if she lost this opportunity she could never have another. She struggled to get her hand from him, telling him she would sooner die than go; but he still drew her further from the door. Whither, Mr. Lovelace, do you pull me? cry'd she in anger: Do you seek to keep

me

me till it is impossible for me to return ? If you would have me think tolerably of you, let me go this moment. My happiness, Madam, both here and hereafter, he cry'd, and the safety of your implacable brother depend on this moment. To providence and the law, Mr. Lovelace, said she, will I leave the safety of my friends. I will not be threatened into a rashness which my heart condemns, May I perish, exclaimed Lovelace, if your will shall not, in every thing, be a law to me ; your own promise calls on you ; all my relations expect you. Next Wednesday, dearest creature——think on next Wednesday. The step to which I urge you will soon reconcile you to all of your Family whom you have the most reason to value : Let me judge for myself, she replied. Do not you, who blame my friends for endeavouring to compel me, compel me yourself. Let me go——unhand me this moment, or I will call out for help. Dearest creature, said Lovelace, with a dejected look, I will obey you. Stay

one

one moment; but one moment. Stay, best beloved of my soul! Stay; your retreat is secure. If you will go, the key lies at the door. But, O madam, next Wednesday and you are Mr. Solmes's! Fly me not so eagerly. If you are so ready to call for help, and to bring down on me the vengeance of your whole family, I will run all risques; I will attend you into the garden, and if I am not prevented, into the house. Be not surprised, madam, I will face them all. You shall see what I will farther bear for your sake. Let us both try if expostulation and the behaviour of a gentleman will not procure me from them the treatment of a gentleman.

The very idea of Lovelace's accompanying her to her friends, filled poor Clarissa with terror. What do you mean, Mr. Lovelace, said she? leave, I beseech you, leave me. Indeed, Madam, you must excuse me. You shall see, Madam, what I will bear; my sword shall be put sheathed into your hands; my heart, if  
you

you please, shall be a sheath for theirs. What can you mean, Mr. Lovelace ? Is this your generosity ? She wept. He threw himself at her feet, crying, If you command me with you, or from you, I am all obedience. She stooped to take up the key, in order to let herself into the garden. He started and clapt his hand to his sword ; Clarissa, though frightened, offered the key to the lock ; he then loudly whispered, My beloved creature, they are at the door, and taking the key from her, made a motion as if to double lock it ; when instantly, somebody bursting against the door, as if to break it open, cried out, Are you there ? — — — Come up this moment — — — this moment — — — they are here both together — your gun, your pistol this moment. — — — Then followed repeated pushes. Lovelace drawing his sword, and putting it naked under his arm, seized both Clarissa's trembling hands in his, crying, Fly, fly, my charmer, fly if you would not be more cruelly used than ever. If you would not see several mur-

ders

ders committed at your feet. The affrighted lady cried, Help! help! yet ran as fast as he. What added to her terror, and hastened her flight was, on turning back her head, she saw a man who must have come from her father's garden, beckoning and calling, as if others were in sight, which made her imagine they were her father and brother, or the servants. Thus terrified, they were soon out of sight of the door; he hurrying her on till they came to the chariot, when he lifted her in, and the horses, which seemed to fly rather than to gallop, did not stop till they reached St. Alban's.

Thus the lovely Clarissa was forced by her relations and the specious arts of the designing Lovelace, into his protection. He was a rake of abandoned principles, who, with all the advantages of a handsome person, and a happy address, was proud, artful, and fond of plots and stratagems, in which he would spare neither pains nor expence to obtain the gratification of a favourite passion. Indeed the

lovely maid knew no ill of him but by report, which also proclaimed his being a man of great bravery and generosity; she had therefore flattered herself, that a brave and generous man could not be a villain. But a great part of what she had suffered, was occasioned by the reports he had caused to be carried into the family.

Clarissa, who deeply sympathised in the distress and confusion into which this step must have thrown the family, seized the first opportunity of sending to her dear friend Miss Howe all the particulars of her involuntary flight; and that lady answered, that being now unhappily out of her father's house, all punctilio must cease, and her honour and reputation required, that she should marry him directly. But, alas! this was out of her power. In the letter in which she appointed to meet Lovelace, she had laid him under an injunction not to mention marriage till she had reason to believe that his reformation was real; and he now but too well

well obeyed her orders. To compleat her distress, she had but seven guineas in her pocket, which afforded her a prospect of speedy want.

Mr. Lovelace now proposed her going to a seat belonging to his uncle, lord M—; but this she declined till she had heard from her sister, to whom she had written for her cloaths, some books, and fifty guineas she had left in her escrute. Mr. Lovelace therefore put up at an inn in the neighbourhood of his uncle's seat, where she was attended by his lordship's housekeeper, who recommended her to a sister of hers, that kept a farm-house at the distance of about eight miles. The good woman conducted her thither, where she should have thought herself tolerably happy, could she have been left to herself. Lovelace, however, seemed in no haste to leave her, and his brother gave him a pretence for staying, by his openly professing that he intended to force her from him.

While she was here, she received a most cruel letter from her sister, who informed her, that her father, on hearing of her flight, cursed her on his knees, wishing that her disobedience might be attended with ruin here and hereafter, and that the author of her crimes might be her punishment. This wicked and horrid imprecation, Clarissa, who tenderly loved her parents, considered as a most dreadful calamity. In this dismal situation Lovelace earnestly pressed her to honour him with her hand, but she was then very ill, and extremely dejected; yet mindful of her dear friend's advice, he rather waved than denied his suit; but the artful rake interpreted her confusion on this occasion into resentment, at his having presumed to press her, contrary to her injunction. In one of their conversations, she asked him several questions about the noise she heard on the inside of the garden door, and his answer gave her too much reason to believe, that it was all done by his contrivance, which made her consider him as a

very

very artful man, and gave her a dreadful prospect, even should her affairs take the happiest turn. To quit her scruples on his being in the same house with her, he pretended to go to Windsor, to provide an apartment, in which she might be concealed from her brother; but saying, on his return, that he could find none there, she proposed going to London, as the best place of concealment, but insisted that he should never lodge in the same house with her, and that as soon as she was out of danger, he should leave her. This he promised, and wrote to a friend in London to look out for a proper lodging, and in answer received a description of several, among which an account of one of them was so artfully drawn up, that it was hoped Clarissa would fix upon it without suspicion. This was said to be a genteel back house in Dover-street, handsomely furnished, belonging to Mrs. Sinclair, the widow of an officer in the guards. This letter Mr. Lovelace shewed to Clarissa, who gave her the choice of which she would

have, and that in Dover-street being most convenient, she chose that, and they set out for London.

Upon their arrival at this house, Mrs. Sinclair offered Clarissa a girl named Dorcas for her servant, it being pretended, that she had many good qualities, but could neither write nor read. To Clarissa this was no objection, and though she disliked her look, she admitted of her service. She had also some dislike to the widow, whose air appeared coarse and masculine; but she thought her two nieces, Miss Sally Martin, and Miss Polly Horton, agreeable women. That very night Clarissa insisted on Mr. Lovelace's lodging elsewhere, but pretending to have a slight opinion of the widow, he told her he could not think of leaving her, and that for fear of her brother's plots; he had given out that they were already married; but that he had made a most solemn vow to be contented with a separate apartment till she was reconciled to all her friends.

Clarissa

Clarissa was greatly offended at this deceit, and in vain attempted to persuade him to contradict what he had said. For Heaven's sake, said he, let the happy day be to-morrow, yet before she had time to answer, changed the subject, though she was now so situated, that had he urged her again, she would have attended him to church the next morning. At supper-time he begged, before the people of the house, to stay all night, promising to leave London the next day, which being out of her power to hinder, she gave an unwilling consent to.

Mr. Lovelace took leave of his lady, as he called Clarissa, the next morning, but first pressed her to accept of a bank note, which she resolutely refused; but he left it on the table. However, the next day he returned, pleading the ardour of his love, and his fear of her brother's projects. He now amused her with looking for a house, and told her he had fixed on one inhabited by Mrs. Fretchville, a widow lady, that would soon be empty.

He,

He, however, still lodged in the house with Clarissa, who was too much in his power to hinder him. His vanity made him now resolve to shew her to four gentlemen his most intimate friends, for whom he provided an entertainment in the same house: but it was with the utmost difficulty that he and Mrs. Sinclair prevailed on Miss Clarissa to give them her company. These gentlemen became her great admirers, but their behaviour was far from being agreeable to Clarissa; who as soon as she was able, retired to her own apartment.

A few days after, the unhappy lady received her cloaths; but her inexorable relations, sent with them neither the money she wrote for, nor her jewels, nor any book but a Practice of Piety, a Drexiluis on Eternity, and a Francis Spira. This, said she, is my brother's wit, who points out to me death and despair, I wish for the one, and am every now and then on the brink of the other. As she had now her cloaths, Mr. Lovelace very importunately

nately persuaded her to let him and some of the young women of the house accompany her to public places ; but this she prudently refused.

One day when Lovelace was abroad, she was sitting in the dining-room, looking over some of Miss Howe's letters, when she accidentally dropping one of them, it was seen by her maid Dorcas, who meeting Lovelace on the stairs, told him, that if ever he hoped to see any of her letters, he had now an opportunity of getting one of them ; for she was sure her lady did not know that she had dropped it. Lovelace entered the room with an air of transport, clasping his arms about her as she sat, while she hastily put up the papers in her handkerchief. My dear life, he cried, I have thought on a lucky expedient to hasten Mrs. Fretchville to quit the house. My friends will soon be with you, who will not permit you to suspend my happy day. And that all your scruples may be granted, I will then consent to stay here, while you reside at your new house. My dearest

dearest creature, will not this be agreeable to you? It will——it must. Then clasping her closer, he gave her a more fervent kiss than ever he had done before; at the same time setting his foot on the letter, he scraped it further from her. Clarissa appearing offended at the liberty he took, he bowed low, begging her pardon, and with the same motion, snatched up the letter, which he slipped into his bosom; but it being unfolded, it could not be done without alarming her. She instantly rose. Traitor! Judas! What have you taken up? cried she, seizing the letter. Lovelace begged pardon, and clasped her hand, which had hold of her paper. O my dearest life, cried he, can you think I have no curiosity? Let go my hand, she returned. How dare you, Sir—I see—I too plainly see——Loth to let go his prize, he still held the rumpled letter. Impudent man! she added, stamping with her foot.——For God's sake. He then let go, when having it in her possession, ~~she~~ flew to the door: He shut it, and besought

sought her to forgive him ; but pushing him from it, she flew to her own apartment, where she double locked and bolted herself in. She now resolved to apply to her parents for their pardon, on condition of living a single life, and resigning her grandfather's estate ; and for this purpose wrote to Miss Howe. This made it necessary to avoid every occasion of seeing and speaking to Lovelace.

Clarissa was at length informed by Miss Howe, that all submission to her inexorable relations would be in vain, and that she ought to marry Lovelace as soon as possible ; but this was not now in her power, for tho' Lovelace, to amuse her, sometimes pleaded his passion, and in the strongest terms, reproached her for her indifference ; yet whenever he pressed her to name the happy day, he mentioned several, and without allowing her time to speak, raised objections for her, and changed the subject. Thus in one of these conversations he told her, that he hoped his uncle lord M— would be her father ; to which

which she replied, that the word father had a sweet and venerable sound, and she should be glad to have a father that would own her ; but instead of improving this indirect consent, which was expressed in an engaging sweetness, with which he found himself greatly affected, he repulsed the rising tenderness, objecting, that his uncle's being lame of the gout, would scarcely permit him to enjoy the honour, and then turned the discourse to settlements and writings, that would take up time.

Vexed at his indelicate delays, Clarissa had some thoughts of escaping from him, though she knew her relations would neither relieve nor own her. These thoughts she communicated to her friend, who endeavoured to find her a convenient and secure retreat ; and at length informed her that she had found one : But Lovelace's behaviour now gave her hopes, tho' these were of short continuance.

The artful Lovelace, at length, prevailed on her to allow him to attend her to a play ; and during their absence, several  
of

of the women were directed to search for Miss Howe's letters. These were found, and all were busily employed in transcribing the severe reflections that virtuous lady cast on the cruel, base, and ungenerous conduct of Mr. Lovelace; and the schemes she had formed for Clarissa's escape. To give them an opportunity to finish these extracts, Lovelace with great difficulty detained the unhappy lady in the dining-room till the night was far spent.

Stung to the quick at the many reflections cast upon him in these letters, Mr. Lovelace now formed projects of revenge, and resolved to use every art to bring the lovely Clarissa to live with him on his own terms. Hence his tenderness became mingled with a savage fierceness, which affrighted and alarmed her. Provoked by this ungenerous treatment, she tore almost in two an answer she had written to some proposals he had given her in relation to the marriage articles : An answer that in the strongest manner equally shewed the

nobleness and delicacy of her mind, her virtue and prudence ; and her duty and affection to her relations. Finding that she was deeply offended, Lovelace, in order to impose on her credulity, formed new stratagems, in which he was supported and assisted by wretches taught to act the part he directed. The house he pretended to have taken, had hitherto answered his purpose, as it had made Clarissa contented to stay with Mrs. Sinclair, whom she disliked : And he now put an end to those expectations, by pretending that the imaginary widow Fretchville was seized with the small-pox. In order to gain upon the tender heart of Clarissa, who ardently longed to be reconciled to her parents, it was pretended that a reconciliation was set on foot by an old villain, who called himself Captain Tomlinson. This fellow was directed to form a plausible story of his having lately purchased an estate in her uncle's neighbourhood, with a view to spend the last years of his life in the enjoyment of peace and retirement, where having contracted

contracted an intimate friendship with her uncle Mr. John Harlowe, he was informed of the whole unhappy affair, and told that overtures had been made for a reconciliation, and that her uncle having calmly considered every thing that had passed, had resolved, in case Clarissa and Mr. Lovelace were actually married, to endeavour to procure a reconciliation between them and her relations.

Lovelace used the utmost art to prevail on her to own before this man, that they were married; but in vain. She observed, that she was sensible of her folly, in permitting the people of the family to remain in an error, and at her appearing in that character before his friends; and therefore the success even of her dearest hopes should not again engage her to countenance his falsehoods. Upon this he altered his plan. The supposed captain appeared, and, by Lovelace's desire, she overheard the discourse that passed between them. In fine, she was invited to breakfast with them; when, after a long conversation, in which

he acted his part with such art, as to impose on Clarissa, and engage her esteem, he took his leave ; and on Mr. Lovelace's return from attending him to the outward door, she met him with a visible complacency in her looks. You don't know, Mr. Lovelace, said she, how near my heart this long-hoped for reconciliation is. You don't know, Sir, how much you have obliged me. How happy shall I be, when my heart is freed from the weight of a father's curse ! when my dear, my excellent mamma, shall once more fold me to her indulgent bosom ! — When I shall again have uncles all striving who shall shew most kindness to the poor outcast ! --- then no more an outcast—and you, Mr. Lovelace, to be the pleased spectator of all this, and to be welcomed into a family so dear to me ! — What, tho' they should be a little cold at first, when they come to know you better ; and you, as I hope, are entered upon a new course, all will be warmer and warmer love on both fides, till they will wonder, perhaps, how they came

came to be at enmity with you. Then applying her handkerchief to her eyes, after pausing a few moments, as if suddenly recollecting that she had expressed her joy in a manner which she had not intended he should see, she hastily retired to her chamber, leaving Lovelace with his heart too full for utterance. His compunction was, however, but of short continuance; for his pride, his aversion to marriage, and his hatred of her family, made him stifle the dictates of conscience, and continue to pursue his infamous projects. The pretended reconciliation was carried on; but when all her doubts and fears were cleared up, he only attempted to gain upon her affections; and by taking hold of the most favourable moments, to make way, by little freedoms, for the accomplishment of the greatest: and when in these incroaching steps, he boldly took such liberties, as shocked the delicacy of her virtue, a visit or a letter from Captain Tomlinson, to inform her of the measures he and her uncle had taken to accomplish this reconciliati-

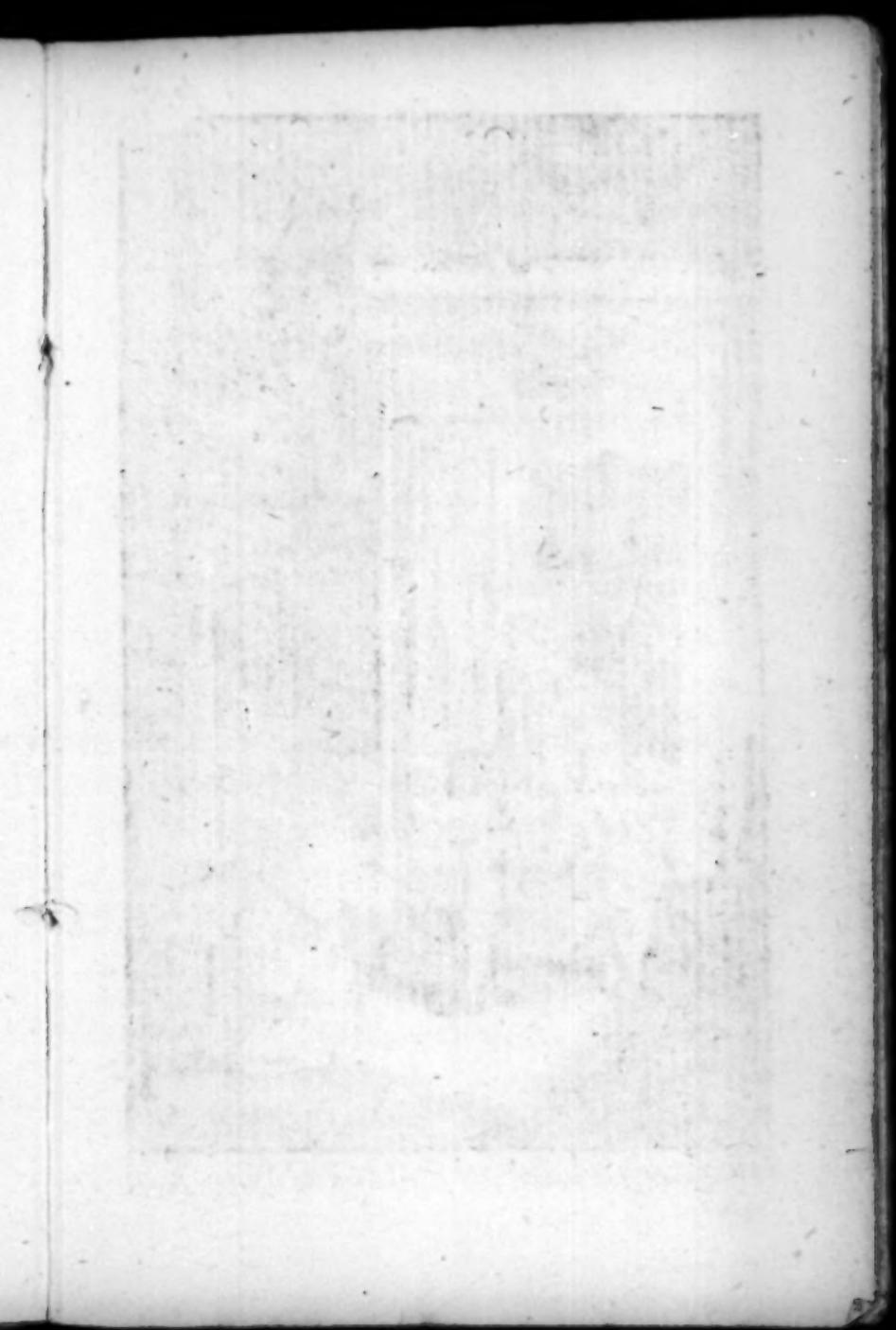
on, was contrived to remove her resentment, and restore him to favour. The marriage settlements were in the mean time ingrossed, a licence applied for, and every method was pursued that could prevent her harbouring the least doubt of his intentions being honourable. Mean while Clarissa's assiduity and vigilance, in not suffering any initiatory freedoms, rendered all the attempts of his ensnaring fondness ineffectual: But these victories had no other effect than to stimulate him to endeavour to conquer her virtue by surprize.

One evening he suffered her to leave him sooner than usual, on her promising to retire directly to rest. But a little after two in the morning, the alarm of fire was given, by her maid running to the door, and rapping loudly at it, crying Fire! fire! the house is on fire!—rise, Madam, if you would not be burnt in your bed. The lady's door was instantly unbolted, unlocked, and opened, when Lovelace flying to it, beheld the lovely Clarissa leaning on the arm of Dorcas, trembling,

ling, and ready to faint : She was dressed only in her under-petticoat, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. On seeing him, she panted and struggled to speak, but could only say, O Mr. Lovelace ! and was ready to sink. Lovelace clasping her in his arms, cried, My dearest life, fear nothing, the danger is over—the fire is got under. And turning to Dorcas, added, How could you thus alarm and frighten my angel ? Then lifting her to her bed, he sat down by the side of it, endeavouring with the utmost tenderness to dissipate her terrors. Clarissa instantly forgot the occasion, dreadful as it was, and appealed to heaven against his treachery ; while he, with the most solemn protestations pleaded his own equal fright, and the reality of the danger with which they had both been alarmed. She entreated him in the most affecting manner, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from every human eye. He begged her pardon, and repeatedly vowed that the next morning's sun should witness their espou-fals,

fals. She refused to listen to his protestations, and redoubling her struggles to escape from him, in broken accents, and the most vehement exclamations, declared she would not survive a treatment so villainous and so disgraceful ; and looking wildly round her, as if for some instrument of mischief, she perceived a pair of sharp-pointed scissars on a chair by the bed-side, and endeavoured to seize them.

Lovelace entreated her to be pacified, and hear him speak ; protesting that he had not the least intention inconsistent with her honour, and then having seized the scissars, threw them into the chimney ; but she still earnestly insisting on his keeping at a distance, he permitted her to take a chair. While her eyes overflowed, he clasped her once more to his bosom. Her strength, considering the delicacy of her frame, was at this instant amazing, and shewed the sincerity of her indignation and resentment ; for he was scarce able to hold her ; nor could he prevent her sliding through his arms to fall upon her knees





*Clarissa prevails on Lovelace to spare her  
steerur*

knees at his feet, and there in the anguish of her soul, she lift up her streaming eyes to his face with supplicating fondness; her hands were folded, and her hair dishevelled; for her night-cap falling off in the struggle, her fine locks fell down in natural shining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazzling beauties of her neck and shoulders, while her lovely bosom heaved with sighs, as if to aid her trembling lips, in pleading for compassion. Consider me, dear Lovelace, cried she, on my bended knees; I beg you'll consider me as a poor creature who has no protector but you; who has no defence but your honour. By that honour! By your humanity! By all you have vowed! I entreat—I conjure you not to make me abhor myself! not to make me vile in my own eyes!—He mentioned the morrow as the happiest day of his life. Tell me not, said she, of tomorrow. If you mean me honourably now, you must this instant shew it, and begone. The cruel Lovelace then rudely kissing her neck as she kneeled, while he

sat

sat before her : Wicked wretch——infolent villain, cried she.——Am I then a villain do you say ? Oh no ! And yet you are, she cried ! Kill me ! kill me ! If I am so hateful in your eyes as to deserve this treatment——or give me but the means, added she, looking wildly round her, and I will convince you that my honour is dearer to me than my life. For your own sake, if not for mine, as you desire that God should have mercy upon you in your last moments, spare me ! He then attempted to raise her from her knees ; but she would not rise, till his relenting heart bid her rise to be innocent. Rise then, my angel, cried Lovelace, and be what you are, and all you wish ; only pronounce your forgiveness of what is past, and I will retire. May God Almighty, said she, hear your prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard mine ! But this instant leave me to my own recollection : In that you'll leave me to a load of shame and misery, more than you ought to wish to your greatest enemy.

Lovelace

Lovelace had no sooner entered his apartment, than recollecting the opportunity he had lost, and repenting that he had let it slip, he hasted back with the hopes, that through the distress of her mind, she had not yet fastened the door, and was now fully resolved to execute all his purposes, let the consequences be what they would. But the door was locked and bolted, and all his persuasions could not prevail on her to open it, tho' he pretended he only wanted to say three words, which she would think the most acceptable she had ever heard him utter.

The next morning he rapt at the door, and called to her several times without obtaining the least answer; when looking through the key-hole, he observed her on her knees, with her back towards him, and her face and hands lifted up, deprecating, as he supposed, her cruel father's curse: he was moved, and in tender language, begged her to admit him to her presence. I cannot see you, cried she rising; would to God I never had! If I write, that's all

I can

I can do. He then desired she would favour him with a line, which she soon did in the most affecting terms; and several other letters passed between them on this occasion, in which Clarissa maintained her resolution of not seeing him.

Lovelace had no sooner left the house, than Dorcas came to Clarissa, and urged her to take some refreshment; that lady was in tears, and her eyes swelled with weeping: she sighed as if her heart would break, and refused either to eat or drink; but soon after ordered her to bring her three or four French rolls, a little butter, and a decanter of water; telling her, she should not want her attendance. Dorcas consulted Mrs. Sinclair about obeying her, who readily consented that she should, but that a bottle of sherry should be added. Clarissa was so obliged by this cheerful compliance, that she was prevailed on to go and look at the damage done by the fire; when, the better to deceive them, she seemed to be convinced it was no trick.

This

This injured beauty then desired Will, Mr. Lovelace's servant, to carry a letter to the post for Miss Howe, with orders to enquire if none were left for her: but putting her letter into his pocket to give it to his master, he pretended to go, and then returning, brought word there was none. She then gave him another letter, which she ordered him to carry to Mr. Lovelace; and while he was gone, slipped down stairs, and unperceived got into the street, where, with a small bundle in her hand, she ran hastily along without stopping till she came to a stand of coaches, the tears all the way streaming from her eyes, while all the spectators were surprised at the hurry, confusion, and distress shewn by this weeping beauty. A coachman plyed her, was accepted, and observing her face, suddenly alighted, and opened the coach door; when hastening in, she cried, drive fast! very fast! Where, Madam, said the coachman? To Holborn-bars, she answered; drive very fast; and pulling up the window, was soon out of sight of the spectators. Being set down

at Holborn-bars, she went to the Hampstead stage, and there being only two passengers ready, she took all the vacant places, and made the coachman set off immediately. The two passengers giving directions to be set down at the Upper Flask, she desired to be set down at the same place; and on her arrival, asked if she could not have a dish of tea, and a room to herself for half an hour. She seemed spiritless and fatigued; and the woman of the house chusing to attend on so lovely and genteel a guest, Clarissa made her sit by her, and asked her abundance of questions relating to the neighbouring villages and roads. On her leaving this house, she walked towards Hampstead, where she soon after took a lodging at one Mrs. Moore's, whose character she had enquired at a shop in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Lovelace, on his being informed of her escape, flew into the most violent rage against the woman of the house, and his servant was sent to search for her, with orders

orders not to see his face till he had found where she was. This rage was encreased by a long letter from Miss Howe, to Clarrissa, which he received and basely broke open. It was filled with execrations against him, as a most abandoned monster, founded on sufficient evidence of his guilt.

“ Miss Lardner, said she, saw you at St. “ James’s Church on Sunday was fort- “ night, and kept you in her eye during “ the whole time. Every bodies looks “ were fixed upon you, and you slipped “ out before she could pay her compli- “ ments to you ; but she ordered her ser- “ vant to follow you. This servant saw “ you step into a chair which waited for “ you, and you ordered the men to carry “ you to the place where they took you “ up. The next day Miss Lardner, out “ of mere curiosity, sent the same servant “ to make private enquiries, whether Mr. “ Lovelace was or was not with you “ there ; and he learned from different “ people, that the house had a very in- “ famous character ; that the woman who

" kept it, was not named Sinclair, nor  
" was it in Dover-street, and that there  
" were two houses ; the back-house, in  
" which the greatest decency seemed to be  
" observed ; and the other the receptable  
" of those who had been obliged to sub-  
" mit to the vile yoke of prostitution." Miss Howe also observed, that she had found that the reconciliation pretended to be carried on by Captain Tomlinson with her uncle was a base imposition, and that this Tomlinson was a specious villain, the tool of Lovelace.

Though Lovelace was highly exasperated at this letter, he rejoiced that he had been able to intercept it, and began to form schemes of revenge against Miss Howe ; when a letter from his servant, informed him, that he had traced Clarissa step by step, and that she was now at Hampstead, where he had taken such measures, that it was impossible for her to remove from thence without his notice. Transported with joy at this news, he set out the next morning richly dressed, in a chariot and four

for

For the Upper Flask at Hampstead attended by a footman whom Clarissa had never seen, and by the pretended Captain Tomlinson, whom he left at the foot of the hill, in order to make use of him, if his presence should be necessary to produce a reconciliation.

Before he came, his servant told the people of the house, that his lady was lately married to one of the finest gentlemen in the world; but he being naturally gay and lively, she was extremely jealous of him, and in this fit had eloped; and that she had played his master such tricks three or four times, but with all the virtue and innocence in the world; she flying to an intimate friend of hers, who, though a young lady of honour, was too indulgent to her in this her only failing. But, notwithstanding her thus leaving his master, she was extremely fond of him, and he doated upon her, and was now half distracted at losing her.

By these stories, in which he had been instructed by his master, the fellow so far

gained the good opinion of the people, that they helped him to a change of cloaths for himself, and privately enquired, if the lady was still at Mrs. Moore's; and for how long a time she had taken the lodgings, which was for no more than a week certain.

Lovelace no sooner arrived, than every body appeared ready to oblige him; and he acted the part of a tender husband so well, as to gain their pity. He told them, that should his spouse see him at a distance, he should find it very difficult to get to the speech of her, and therefore prevailed on the landlord to lend him a great coat; when buttoning the cape over his chin, he asked for a little powder, and lightly shook the puff over his hat, flapping one side of it over his eyes; and then put on a pair of coarse stirrup-stockings, that gave his legs a gouty appearance. Being thus equipped, he left the publick house, and stopping at Mrs. Moore's, alighted out of his chariot, stooping in the shoulders, leaning very hard on his cane with one hand, and on his servant

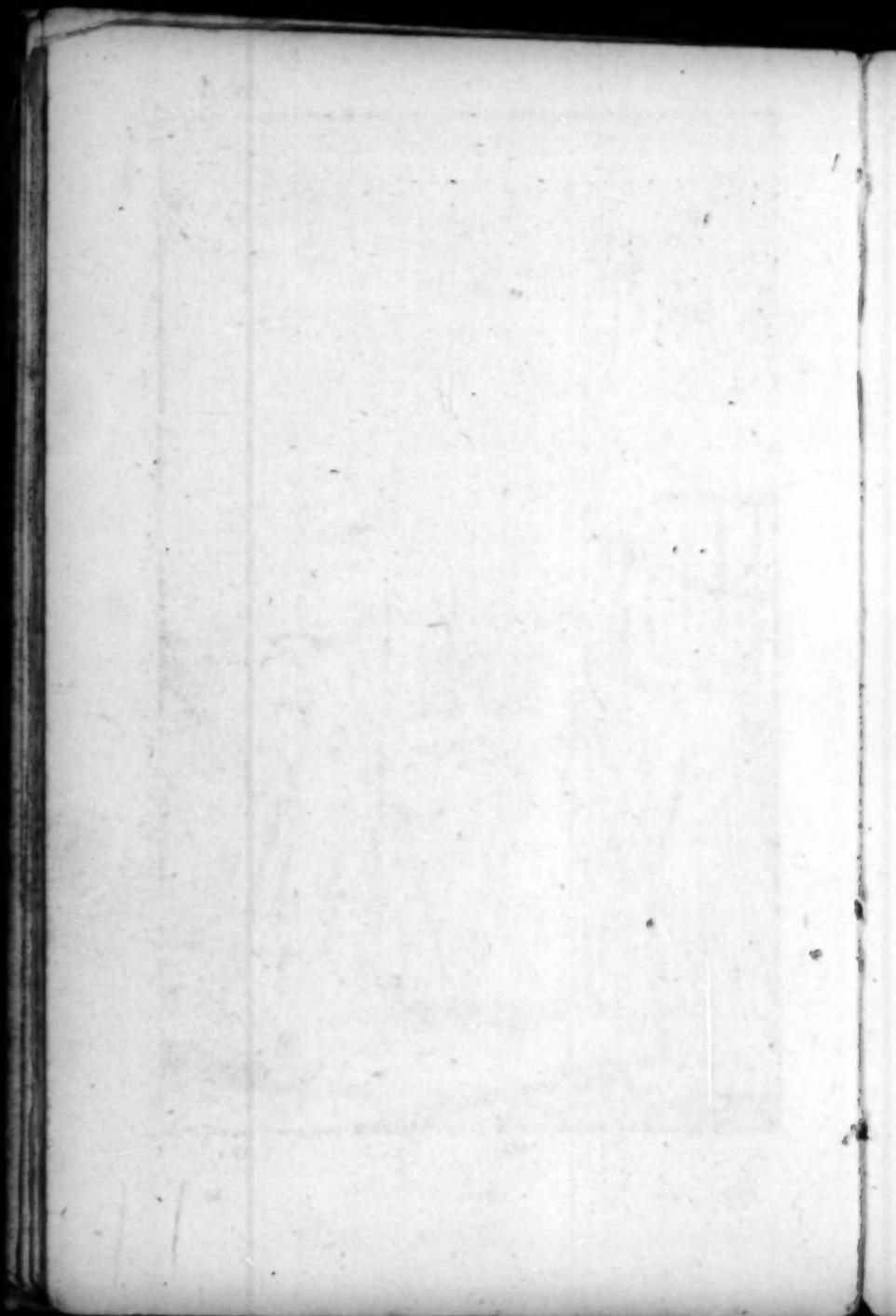
servant with the other. He pretended to want lodgings for his old wife, who lay under a complication of disorders, and acted the gouty old man so naturally, that Mrs. Moore was deceived. He hobbled up stairs, and saw all the apartments, except Clarissa's ; and at last, with some difficulty, was admitted into that, while she retired into a closet. He resolved, if possible, to make her come out, and pretending to be going, You can't agree as to any time, Mrs. Moore, said he, when we can have this third room, can you ? Not that I would incommod the lady, but I would tell my wife whenabouts. Clarissa then broke silence : Pray, Mrs. Moore, said she, inform the gentleman, that I shall not stay above two or three days at most, by which time I expect to receive an answer to a letter I have written into the country ; but rather than be your hindrance, I would take up with an apartment a pair of stairs higher. Not for the world—not for the world, young lady, cried he, as well as I love my wife, she should lie in a garret,

ret, rather than put such a considerate lady, as you seem to be, to the least inconveniency. She did not yet open the door ; he therefore added : But since you have so much goodness, Madam, if I could but just look into the closet, as I stand, I could tell whether it be large enough to hold a cabinet, for which my wife has a great value, and always takes with her.

At this instant Clarissa opened the door, when he was so struck with her presence, that he could hardly forbear dropping at once his dissimulation, and folding her in his arms ; but in great disorder, he said, looking round the closet, There's room, I see, for my wife's cabinet, which contains many valuable jewels ; but, upon my soul, nothing so valuable as the lady I see. The truth of the compliment having, in a manner, obliged him to use his natural voice, Clarissa started ; when Lovelace finding it impossible either to conceal himself longer, or to stifle the impulse of his own passions, pulled off his slouched hat, unbuttoned the cape, and threw open his great



*Lovelace discovers himself to Clarissa at  
Mr. Moers.*



great coat. She instantly knew him, and giving three violent shrieks, sunk down at his feet in a fit, before he could catch her in his arms.

Mrs. Moore, observing such a strange alteration in his person, features, voice, and dress, cried out several times, Murder! help! which alarming the house; up ran two servant maids, and after them Lovelace's servant. Lovelace called for water and harts-horn; and every one flew a different way; while Mrs. Moore ran out of one room into another, and up and down the apartment they were in, wringing her hands, without knowing what she did. Then came running a gentleman and his sister, brought in by the maid, who told them that she had let in an old wretch, hobbling with the gout, and mumbling with his hoarse voice, who was all of a sudden changed into a lively, gay, young gentleman, whom she verily believed to be the devil.

All this while Lovelace was so busy in recovering Clarissa, that he minded nobody else.

else. And at last, she stirring, and beginning to utter the most bitter sighs, he in the tendereſt accents called upon her, as he kneeled by her, with his arm ſupporting her head, My Clarissa, my angel, my deareſt life, look upon me! —— I am not angry with you! —— My beſt beloved, I will freely forgive you: The gentleman and his ſister knew not what to make of all this, and the leſſ, when Clarissa recovering her ſight, ſnatched another look at Lovelace, and groaning again, fainted a-way. Lovelace then threw up the cloſet ſash for air, and left her to the care of the young gentlewoman who came in with her brother, whose name was Rawlins, and of Mrs. Moore, who had by this time recovered from her ſurprize.

On his retiring, he made his ſervant brush his hat, loop it up in the uſual ſmart cock, and pull off his gouty ſtockings. Then ſtepping up to Mr. Rawlins, whom he had not minded before, You have had, Sir, ſaid he, an uncommon ſcene before you: The lady is my wife, and no gentleman's

tleman's presence is necessary here but my own. I beg pardon, Sir, said he, *if* the lady is your wife, I have no business here. But, Sir, by her concern at seeing you——Pray, Sir, cried Lovelace, interrupting him, none of your *ifs* and *buts*, I beseech you. You are a very unqualified judge in this cause; and, Sir, I beg you to oblige me with your absence. On this Mr. Rawlins retired, and Lovelace perceiving that she was beginning to recover, left the closet, least her seeing him too soon, should throw her into another fit.

Clarissa at last looking round her with great emotion, cried, O hide me! hide me! Is he gone? Sir, said Miss Rawlins, coming to him, this is some surprizing case; the lady cannot bear the sight of you——What you have done to her is best known to yourself, but another such fit would probably be her last. It would therefore be but kind in you to retire. The dear creature, said he, may well be concerned at seeing me. If you, Madam, had a husband who loved you, as I love her,

her, you would not, I am persuaded, fly from him, and expose yourself to hazards as she does, when she has not every thing in her own way. But she is mother-spoiled! This is indeed her only fault! but it is the more inexcusable, as I am the man of her choice, and have reason to believe she has a greater affection for me than all the men in the world. I have three times already forgiven the dear creature.—But this jealousy—there's a spice of that in it, and of phrenzy too: But our story is too long. He then desired them not to suffer her to talk, for she was accustomed to fits, and when in this way, would say any thing that came uppermost. They promised to keep her quiet, and Lovelace instantly withdrew into the next room.

The unhappy Clarissa no sooner recovered her Senses, than she burst into the bitterest complaints, that she was ruined and undone, and earnestly entreated them to assist her to escape the dreadful evils in which she should otherwise be involved. They preached patience to her, and persuaded

suaded her to lie down : but she refused, and trembling so as to be unable to stand, sunk into an easy chair. Lovelace now hoped that she was so well recovered as to bear his presence ; but on seeing him, she redoubled her exclamations, and besought him to leave her. He answered in the tenderest language, and told her, that he had a letter from Captain Tomlinson ; but used such expressions as he knew would set her in such a passion before the women, as might confirm the intimation he had given of her mind being disordered. This artifice succeeded ; she exclaimed against his baseness ; and then bursting into tears, begged pardon of the women for her passionate excess. Indeed, ladies, said he, this violence is not natural to my beloved's temper. Misapprehension— Misapprehension, wretch ! cried she, while each lovely feature was agitated with scorn. Then turning her face from him, she added, I have not patience to look upon thee, Be gone, be gone, O thou guileful betrayer !

Lovelace now considering that his assumed character of a husband rendered it necessary for him to appear angry, raised his voice, saying, You may one day, Madam, repent this treatment —by my soul you may, you know I have not deserved it of you—you know I have not. Never did man of my figure and consideration meet with such treatment. She lifted up her hands, and while indignation kept her silent, he accused her of severity and injustice, in treating him thus before two gentlewomen ; telling her, since she would have it so, he would leave her to her fate, and, if she would inform him to what place he should send her apparel, and every thing belonging to her he would send it. Send it hither, said she, and assure me that you will never more molest me, and that is all I ask. He now pretended to leave her in a pet ; but when he had got to the door, seeming to recollect himself, he turned back, crying, My dearest creature, one word more ; charming even in your anger ! O my soul, added he,

he, turning half round, and pulling out his handkerchief; only one word; Madam, I have represented to Captain Tomlinson, our present misunderstanding in the most favourable light. The letter in my hand will acquaint you with what you have to apprehend from your brother's malice. The captain has reported our marriage to two different persons. It is come to your brother's ears. My relations have also heard of it, and this morning letters were brought me from lady Betty Lawrence and Miss Montague. Here they are---on which he pulled them out of his pocket, and offered them to her, with that of the captain's: but she held back her hand: Reflect, Madam, he continued, I beseech you reflect upon the fatal consequences that may attend this high resentment. From my first knowing you, said she, I have been in a labyrinth of doubt and error; but I bless God, I am now out of your hands, and will transact what relates to myself. Am I not my own mistress?-----Am I not-----He was afraid to let her

proceed, and raising his voice to drown hers, cried, You used, my dearest creature, to have a tender and apprehensive heart; and never surely had such reason for it as now. Let me judge for it myself, she returned, Do you think I shall ever--- He dreading her going on, raised his voice still higher, and cried, I must be heard, Madam. If you will not read this letter yourself, you must let me read one paragraph or two---Begone from me, man! said she, begone from me, with thy letters! What pretence hast thou for thus tormenting me? Dearest creature, returned he, what questions you ask! questions that you can as well answer yourself. I can, I will, she returned, and thus I answer them. Again, raising his voice, he overbore her words; but when he found her silent, softnened his accent, and entreated her to see Captain Tomlinson with temper, begging, that for the peace of her own mind, she would not frustrate the captains negociations. She was going to speak, when he proceeded in a strong and solemn

voice

voice, If we are to be separate for ever, this island shall not long be troubled with me. Mean while, only be pleased to give these letters a perusal, and consider what is to be said to your uncle's friend, and what you would have him say to your uncle. Then putting the letters into her lap, he, with a low bow, retired into the next room, and was soon followed by Miss Rawlins, and Mrs. Moore.

Lovelace, on being joined by these women, endeavoured to engage them in his interest, by giving them the history of his own and Clarissa's family; her extraordinary aversion to Mr. Solmes, and putting herself under his protection. He said, they had been privately married, though she had made him swear to keep separate beds, and that she obliged him to comply, in order to prevail on him to become reconciled to her relations. As Miss Howe had detected the bawd, to whose house he had carried Clarissa, and might still find some way to acquaint that lady with her discoveries, he thought proper to prepossess

them in favour of Mrs. Sinclair, and her two pretended nieces, by representing them as very good people, and to paint Miss Howe as a perfect virago, who had no equal in contriving and executing mischief. He even told them the occasion of their present difference; insisted on the reality of the fire, but acknowledged, that having a husband's right on his side, he would not have scrupled to break the strange unnatural oath; by which she had bound him, on her being so accidentally frightened into his arms; and as she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, he blamed himself, that he had done it. He then read them part of a copy of Captain Tomlinson's letter, and afterwards put into their hands the copies of the two letters he pretended to have just received from his aunt lady Betty Lawrence, and his cousin Miss Montague; in which they blamed him for not informing them of his marriage; congratulated him on his prospect of happiness, and expressed their desire to visit the lady, in order to shew their esteem

esteem for her. They having read these letters, he added, But with what heart can I encourage such a visit to my spouse, from lady Betty and Miss Montague? I am tired out with her strange behaviour. She is not what she was; and, as I told you, ladies, in her hearing, I will leave this plaguy island, though it is my native country; and though the estate I have in it is very considerable, I will spend my life in France or Italy, and never consider myself as a married man.

In fine, Lovelace gained both Miss Rawlins and the Widow Moore over to his interest, and was even so successful as to prevail on the latter, to accept him for her boarder and lodger; but Clarissa's steadily refusing to lie in the same house with him, he hired an apartment in the neighbourhood, and obtained leave for his servant to lie there, who had private orders to prevent Clarissa's receiving a letter from Miss Howe, or making her escape.

Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins, on their return to Clarissa, pleaded with that lady

in behalf of Mr. Lovelace ; while she, in the most distressful terms, besought them to favour her escape. Lovelace, who overheard what was said, and feared she would remove the false impressions he had made on the minds of these sober and modest women, interrupted their conversation. On which Clarissa complained of his intrusion, and asked him, if he would say before that lady and Mrs. Moore, that they were really married ; adding, Lay your hand on your heart, and answer me, Am I your wedded wife ? Lovelace, who would not have had the least scruple about asserting this, or even confirming it by the strongest asseverations, could it have answered his purpose, was by this question thrown into confusion, from his being well convinced, that should he assert such a falsehood to her face, she would never more believe any thing he could say. Hence he avoided giving her a direct answer ; and though she still pressed the question, she could obtain nothing from him but quibbles and prevarications : She therefore resolved instantly

to leave the house; but he detained her by setting his back against the door, and then dropping on his knees, besought her pardon, and intreated her to stay and receive the visit of Lady Betty and his Cousin Montague, with the news brought by Captain Tomlinson, of her uncle's having complied with both their wishes. In vain were all her endeavours to escape from him. She grew perfectly distressed, was ready to faint, and forced to lean against the wainscot, as he kneeled at her feet. At last a stream of tears gushing from her eyes, Good heaven, said she, what will be my fate? Deliver me from this dangerous man! —— I know not what I do, nor what I ought to do! Then turning from him, she threw herself into a chair. He rose, and approached her with reverence, crying, My dearest life! —— when with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted him by crying, Ungenerous, ungrateful Lovelace! You know not the value of the heart you have insulted! Nor can you imagine how much my soul de-

spises

spises your meanness. But meanness must ever be the portion of the vicious.

The women, thinking they were now likely to be on better terms, retired, though she warmly opposed their going. Lovelace then, bending his knee, begged her forgiveness, promising to behave for the future with the most exact circumspection; but she could not trust his promises, and refused either to dine with him, or to taste any refreshment.

There dined with Mr. Lovelace and Mrs. Moore, a young widow, named Bevis, who was very forward, extremely lively, and soon shewed herself a great admirer of Mr. Lovelace. As she was to stay a month with Mrs. Moore, who was her aunt, he took great pains to prevail on her to side with him against Clarissa, and represented her affectionate friend Miss Howe, as the cause of all their misunderstandings. In the mean time the pretended Captain Tomlinson coming in, a conversation passed between them, which was so managed as to make every one present

present believe that he was really married to Clarissa, and that Miss Howe, from her rage and jealousy at his having slighted her, took every opportunity to widen the difference between them. Lovelace now observed, that he thought it high time to acquaint his spouse that Captain Tomlinson was arrived; on which Mrs. Moore went up, and desired in his name, that she would permit him to see her; but she begged to be excused, on account of her being very ill; when the pretended Captain, professing that he had much business on his hands, appeared greatly vexed, and took his leave.

The Captain was but just gone, when Lovelace's servant brought him a letter from Miss Howe, in answer to one she had received from Clarissa, in which she mentioned the agreeable news of her escape to Mrs. Moore's, with an account of the low plot of firing the house to force her into Lovelace's arms, when she had sufficient proof of its being an infamous house, since, though she heard the women in the next room,

room, they took no notice of her cries. Lovelace's servant being ordered to intercept Miss Howe's answer, had stopt the messenger, made him drunk, picked the letter out of his Pocket, and carried it to his master, who finding means to read it without breaking the seal, the servant took it back, and put it again into the fellow's pocket, who soon after left the ale-house, and mounting his horse, gave it into Clarissa's own hand. Miss Howe, in this letter, congratulated her dear friend on her escape, and informed her of her being under a great deal of concern about a letter of the utmost importance, which she had before sent, and would not have had fall into the hands of that abandoned rake Lovelace, for the whole world. Clarissa instantly applying to Mrs. Moore, told her, that she did not value the price, could a man and horse be engaged to go for a letter left for her at one Mr. Wilson's in Pall-Mall. On which a poor neighbour was sent, who returned the same evening with the letter ; but it was not the same sent

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by Miss Howe. The important letter was, that in which she had laid open the plots of the treacherous Lovelace, and which he had in his possession. He had copied those parts of it, that were most in his favour, omitting every circumstance that might induce her to think Sinclair a bawd, and Tomlinson an imposter; and at the same time, had so artfully imitated Miss Howe's hand, that it was not easy to know the difference. The next day Clariissa wrote an answer, to let Miss Howe know that she had received her letter, but deferred giving a farther account of her affairs till she had a more composed mind, and less trembling fingers. This she delivered to Mrs. Moore's maid, who being courted by Lovelace's servant, she delivered it to him, to put into the post-office, and he carried it to his master, who immediately forged another, which he supposed was what she would have written, had she really received the intelligence sent her by her dearest friend.

In the mean time Lovelace behaved to her with the utmost tenderness, pretending to be deeply concerned at his having offended her. That specious villain Tomlinson was introduced, and several interesting conversations passed between him, Lovelace, and Clarissa, wherein no arguments were spared to engage her confidence, and banish every apprehension of the designs he secretly formed against her. In the mean time, the dictates of his heart, and of his conscience frequently prompted him to endeavour to merit her favour, by laying aside all his wicked plots; but his libertine principles prevailed, and his pride and revenge getting the ascendant, he resolved to humble her virtue; and, before he married her, to bring her down nearer to his own level. By his insidious arts, he again prevailed upon her to allow him her company, and to shew him some compassion for his well dissembled distress; but he could not engage her to come to any determination till she had received another letter from her dear and only friend;

friend ; and this he was determined to prevent, if possible, and which indeed he effected without any great difficulty. One day, after his having a very tender and affecting conversation with her alone, a messenger arrived from Miss Howe with a letter, which he insisted on delivering into Miss Clarissa's own hand ; but she being gone to church with Mrs. Moore, Lovelace prevailed on Mrs. Bevis to personate her, and reclining on a couch, with her face muffled up, she received the letter, and delivered it to Lovelace ; who now found fresh cause to rejoice that he had prevented her receiving it ; for Miss Howe here confirmed her of what she had before written of the infamous house, and her reasons for distrusting the specious Tomlinson ; and, in short, had lain a plan for her escape.

Lovelace now finding himself under a necessity of hastening his designs, procured two genteel women of the town to personate lady Betty and his Cousin Montague, and having instructed them in their

parts, had them brought to Mrs. Moore's in a hired coach and four, it being pretended that lady Betty's was new lining and repairing. Both of them were richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, hired for this purpose; and being attended by servants nearly in the same livery as lady Betty's, it was impossible for Clarissa, who had never seen either of them, to suspect their being other than what they appeared. The more these pretended ladies conversed with her, the more fond they appeared to grow; they loaded her with caresses, censured Lovelace, and congratulated themselves on the happiness they should receive from his being allied to her, could they prevail on her to forgive him. Clarissa was far from having the vanity to believe all the flattering speeches they made her; yet having no suspicion, she was not displeased at so favourable a beginning of an acquaintance with ladies of whom she had always heard honourable mention.

Mr. Lovelace treated his pretended aunt with great respect, and allowed her to have  
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the advantage over him in the many lively repartees that passed between them; though Clarissa easily perceived he purposely forebore that smartness which he never spared shewing to Miss Montague. The last mentioned lady behaved with still more reverence to her aunt; while she kept up the dignity of the character she assumed, rallying both of them with the air of a person conscious of the superiority which her years and fortune gave over those who might be obliged to her either while living or at her death. The conversation, for some time, turned on their own family, and the happiness they should receive on Clarissa's admission into it. They discoursed on lady M—'s and lady Sarah's earnest desire to see her; the many friends and admirers she would have among them, and the happiness of Lovelace. They launched out in praise of Miss Howe, and talked of a reconciliation and intimacy with all Clarissa's friends, particularly with her mother; giving that lady all those praises that were universally allowed to be

her due ; while Clarissa, delighted with hearing so many agreeable things, almost forgot her resentment against Lovelace.

As there were accommodations in the house for Lady Betty and Miss Montague, it was agreed that they should lie there that night ; but the lady Betty recollecting that she must go to town, ordered her coach to the door, telling Clarissa, that they would all go together, and that she would leave her woman to set her apartment in order. All her objections were over-ruled ; she was led to the coach, and lady Betty ordered Mrs. Moore to get supper ready against their return. All the way, nothing passed but the height of affectionate complaisance. But what dreadful terrors seized Clarissa's mind, when she came within sight of the odious house, from which she had made her escape ! The coach stopped at the door, and Clarissa cried out ;-----but Lovelace, begging she would be under no apprehensions, asked if there were any letters for him. Dreadfully did Clarissa's heart misgive her ; she was

was ready to faint. O my life, said Lovelace, why this terror? You shall not stir out of the coach. Your lady will faint, said the vile lady Betty turning to him. My dearest niece, added she, taking her hand, you are so ill, we must alight----let us alight only for a glass of water and harts-horn----indeed we must alight. No, no, cried Clarissa, no----I am well-----quite well. Then putting her head out of the coach, she called out, Man, drive on! drive on! Dorcas then came to the door. My dearest creature! said Lovelace, you shall not alight. Any letters for me, Dorcas? There are two, Sir, she replied, and here is a gentleman waiting for your honour. I'll just speak to him, he returned, open the door-----you shan't step out my dear. But we must step out, nephew, said his aunt, your lady will faint. Maid, a glass of harts-horn and water! My dear, you must step out---You'll faint, child---We must cut your laces.----Indeed you must step out my dear. I know, said Lovelace, that she will be well the moment

ment the coach drives from the door. She shall not alight, by my soul she shan't. Lord, Lord, Nephew ! Lord, Cousin ! cried both of the women in a breath, what a-do you make about nothing ! You persuade the lady to be afraid of alighting. Don't you see she is fainting ? Indeed, Madam, said he, my dearest love must not be teized to come out against her will. Fiddle faddle, foolish ; What a pother is here ! said lady Betty. I suppose you are ashamed to let us see what sort of people you carried your lady among. But do you go, take your letters, and speak to your friend. He then went out, and Clarissa intreated the coach might go on ; while the execrable lady Betty insisted on their alighting, asking her whom she could be afraid of in her and her niece's company ; observing that she must have been treated there in a very shocking manner, and that she was determined to enquire into it. The old creature, at this instant, came to the door begging a thousand pardons if she had any way offended her, and entreating

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the other ladies to alight. In fine, a glass of harts-horn and water, mixed with some dreadful ingredients, were brought; the pretended lady Betty obliged her to drink it up, and the poor unhappy Clarissa, in spite of all her opposition, was prevailed on to alight; and on the promise of being detained only a few minutes, with faltering steps, and the utmost reluctance, entered the house. Tea was called for, and instantly brought, of which, disliking the taste, she drank only two dishes.

The distressed Clarissa was ill before, but she now perceived herself more and more disordered in her head; a heavy torpid pain increasing fast upon her, which she then imputed only to her terror. By the lady Betty's persuasions, she was induced to go up stairs, attended by Dorcas, to take such of her cloaths as she immediately wanted. She instantly set about it, ordering what should be put up, and what sent after her. While she was thus employed, the lady Betty running up in a hurry, cried, My dear, you won't be long before

before you are ready. I'll just whip away, change my dress, and call upon you in an instant. O Madam, said Clarissa, I am ready! I am now ready! You must not leave me here. This instant, this instant, I'll return, said she, before you have packed up your things; and away she hurried, accompanied by her pretended niece, before Clarissa could say another word.

The distressed Clarissa now sunk affrighted into a chair; but soon recovering, blamed herself for her fears and suspicions, from the improbability that those ladies would be guilty of such treachery against a helpless creature, to whom they had behaved with such kindness. Thus, endeavouring to recover her spirits, she pursued her employment, rubbing her eyes, and taking pinch after pinch of Dorcas's snuff: But when all was over, and she had full liberty to think, on her finding they did not return, she grew almost distracted. She shut herself up in her former chamber, kneeled and prayed: Then ran out again, calling

calling for Lovelace, who cursed the ladies for their delay, and sent his servant with orders to bring the coach, if any thing had prevented their return. The unhappy Clarissa, almost wild with distraction, once or twice complained of thirst, when, instead of giving her water, which they all knew was her common drink, they brought her small beer: She drank it, and immediately became much worse. At length, one of the pretended lady Betty's servants brought a letter to Mr. Lovelace, to excuse her return to Hampstead that night, on account of Miss Montague's being seized with violent fits. This letter he sent up to Clarissa, who now giving herself up for lost, in a fit of phrenzy, tore off her head-cloaths, enquired for Mr. Lovelace, and with her shining locks falling in curls on her neck, and her torn ruffles, hanging in tatters about her snowy arms, entered the room where he was, sunk down at his feet, and clasping her arms about his knees, cried, If ever—— if ever—— if ever—— and unable to speak

speak another word, quitting her hold, sunk on the floor, prostrate and speechless.

Lovelace was filled with amazement, and for a few moments, all his infamous purposes were suspended ; but having proceeded thus far, he was resolved not to stop. He lifted her into a chair, and in words of disordered passion, told her that all her fears were groundless, endeavouring to persuade her to rely on his faith and honour. At last, with an heart-breaking sob, she cried, in broken sentences, I see, I see, Mr. Lovelace ----- I see that I am ruined ! ----- ruined if your pity ----- Let me implore your pity ! ----- and down her head sunk on her bosom, with a sigh that would have pierced any heart that was not destitute of all humanity. As soon as she recovered, she asked, Why he did not send for the coach ? and desired to go directly to lady Betty, if she was really that lady. Then assuming a more resolute air, exclaimed, I will go ! ----- I will enquire the way ! ----- I will go by myself :

myself: She then attempted to rush by him ; but he held her fast, pleading the bad way Miss Montague was in, and the dangers of robbers. But she would believe nothing he said, unless he would immediately order a coach, and let her go in it to Hampstead : She feared not robbers. He was all her fear, and that house her terror : Repeating, If you mean me honourably, let me leave this hated place.

At this instant entered Mrs. Sinclair in a violent ferment, crying, Pray, Madam, what has this house done to you ? And setting her huge arms a-kimbo, added, Hoh ! Madam ! let me tell you, I am astonished at the freedoms you take with my character ? The poor Clarissa, to whom this woman had always behaved with the most obsequious respect, was frightened at her fierce look, and masculine air. God help me ! cried she ; what will become of me ? Then turning her head in a wild kind of amazement, added, Whom have I for a protector ? What will become of me now ! My dearest life, I will be your

I protector,

protector, he cried ; but indeed you are uncharitably severe on poor Mrs. Sinclair, She was born a gentlewoman, and would scorn to be guilty of a wilful baseness. I hope so, said she-----it may be so-----I may be mistaken ; but there is no crime, I presume, nor treason, in saying, I don't like her house. The old dragon again stalked up to her with her arms a-kimbo, while her erect and scouling eye-brows half hid her ferret eyes, and with two Hoh ! Madams ! accosted the frightened beauty, who was so terrified that she caught hold of Lovelace's sleeve. He, fearing, least she should fall into fits, told Mrs. Sinclair, that those apartments were his ; and he could not conceive what she meant either by listening to what passed between him and his spouse, or by her coming in unasked, and giving herself those violent airs. At this, the old Beldam threw herself into a chair, and fell a blubbering. Mean while the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock. What followed,

lowed was the most vile and inhuman acts of violence. The distressed lady, roused from the dreadful lethargy into which she was sinking, pleaded for mercy, and cried, I will be yours —— indeed to obtain your mercy, I will be yours! But no mercy could she find. Her strength, her intellects failed her. Fits upon fits followed, which procured her no compassion. And death was withheld from her, which she would have received as the greatest blessing.

On the second day, after this vile and horrid action, the abandoned Lovelace had a specimen of what he might expect from the lady's resentment, should she ever recover her senses: For, following Dorcas into her apartment, and attempting to pacify her, in the midst of all his blandishments, she in speechless agony held up to heaven a licence he had procured and given her, and seemed about to call down vengeance upon him, when all her senses were locked up in sleep, before she could get half through with her intended imprecation. The next day the unhappy lady fell into

a contrary extreme, and became as much too lively as she had been before too stupid ; and except in some lucid intervals, was raving mad.

The barbarous Lovelace was shocked at the reflection of the villainy of the attempt, and the madness with which it was followed : and whenever he gave himself leave to think, was filled with remorse : but the lovely Clarissa no sooner began to recover her senses, than listening to the solicitations of the abandoned Sinclair, he resumed his project of breaking her spirit, so as to make her glad to live with him as his mistress. Hearing that she was coming to speak to him, he grew pleased with the thought that he should stare her into confusion, and exulted in the advantage which the confidence of his sex would give him over the bashful modesty of hers. But she no sooner appeared, than the dignity of her air, the sedate firmness of her countenance, and the superiority of her mind, expressed in the awful language of injured innocence, shook his whole frame, and gave

gave him the faltering hesitation of a trembling criminal. His guilt, and her innocence, merit, and rank, all stared him in the face, in so formidable a manner, that his present account, to which she now unexpectedly called him, seemed to resemble the general one to which we must all be summoned. In this solemn conversation, she boldly asked him, what she was farther to suffer from his barbarity, and whether she was still to be kept a prisoner? He was so confounded by the majestic composure, and the dignity of her just reproaches, that he could only in broken incoherent sentences stammer out an offer of making her amends by marriage. But dost thou think, replied she, that marriage will atone for a guilt like thine? Destitute as thou hast made me, both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch who could rob himself of his wife's virtue, ever more to endure the thought of marrying thee.

In fine, several other affecting conversations passed between them, wherein she

boldly claimed her right to be left to her own liberty to go where she pleased ; and indeed made several attempts to escape. But though, while in her presence, he was awed by her virtues, yet he would not permit her to leave the house ; and she still found herself a prisoner, surrounded by none but those who were the objects of her detestation, and were ready to prompt and assist him in all his base designs. Often did he plead for pardon, and offer marriage ; but all his solicitations were without effect ; and she told him, she was firmly resolved never to bind her soul in covenant to a man so nearly allied to perdition.

While the unhappy Clarissa was in this distressful state, and every hour in dread of suffering some fresh act of violence, she observed some marks of compassion in Dorcas, who by Lovelace's order, artfully insinuated herself into her favour. Clarissa, imagining her sincere, thought this a happy opportunity of engaging her in her interest, and gave her

a note,

a note, in which she promised her, on condition of procuring her escape, a valuable diamond ring, and an annuity of twenty pounds a year during life. From this circumstance, Lovelace resolved to terrify the friendless Clarissa into a compliance with his wishes; and therefore one night, soon after she had retired to her chamber, he pretended to find this promissory note, and instantly ringing the bell with the greatest violence, the whole house became in an uproar, and his servant running into the room, he bid him in a rage bring that toad Dorcas. She instantly appeared before him, when drawing his sword, he cried, Cursed, confounded, villainous bribery! She ran up to her lady's door, screaming for safety and protection, while two or three of the other women ran crying, what's the matter? what's the matter? But Clarissa, instead of opening the door, drew another bolt. This abominable Dorcas! he exclaimed, call up her aunt; let her see what a traitress she has placed about me; and let her bring the toad

toad to answer for herself. She has taken a bribe, a provision for life, to betray her trust, basely to perpetuate a quarrel between a man and his wife, and forever destroy all hopes of reconciliation between us. At this Sinclair came up puffing and blowing, crying, as she hoped for mercy, she was not privy to it. Well might servants be at such a pass, when such ladies as Mrs. Lovelace, made no conscience of corrupting them. For her part, she did not desire that he should shew her the least mercy. But where was the proof? The note was shewn; curses then proceeded from every mouth, while all inveighed against the vileness of the corrupted, and the unworthiness of the corruptress. Dorcas was dragged along, whimpering between two women, both bawling out, you must come —— you shall come and answer for yourself; you are a discredit to all worthy servants. She whining, I can't look so good and generous a gentleman in the face! Come along, cried Lovelace, It is detection, not the crime, that confounds you.

Tell

Tell me, ungrateful devil, tell me, who made the first advances. Aye, disgrace to my family! cried Sinclair, tell his honour — tell the truth; Who made the first advances? I have already betrayed one trust, said Dorcas — Oh don't make me betray another! my lady is a good lady! Oh don't let her suffer! Suppose Sir, said Sally, you have my lady and the wench brought face to face? You see she does not care to confess. Oh my carelessness! cried Dorcas! — Don't let my poor lady suffer! Indeed if you all knew what I know, you would say her ladyship has been cruelly treated. — See, see, see, they all cried at once, only sorry for being detected. Your lady won't, she dare not come to save you, though it is more his honour's mercy, than your desert, if he does not this instant cut your vile throat. Say was it your lady, or was it you, creature, that made the first advances — — — If the lady has so much honour, as we supposed, bawled the vile Sinclair, she will appear to vindicate a poor servant misled by such large promises!

promises! But, I hope, Sir, you will do them both justice—I hope you will!—Good luck! clapping her hands; to grant her every thing her heart could wish—  
to indulge her in her hatred to my poor innocent house.—O Sir, I hope if your lady will not come out, you will find a way to try this cause in her presence. On such an occasion as this I won't value my doors. Justice I ever loved. I hope you'll come to the bottom of it. I'll be sworn I had no concern in this black affair.

At this instant they heard the lady's door unlock and unbolt. The doors and window-shutters were fastened, and Will was placed below, to prevent her escape; and that no noise or screaming might be heard. But confiding in her innocence, Clarissa entered the room with a majesty in her person and manners, that was natural to her, but then shone out in all its glory. Every tongue was silent; every eye awed. She walked up and down the room two or three times, before her indignation would permit her to speak. But

at

at last recovering her voice; O thou abandoned and contemptible Lovelace, cried she, thinkest thou that I don't see through this poor villainous plot of thine, and these thine abandoned accomplices? Thou, woman, looking at the bawd, once my terror, always my dislike, but now my detestation! shouldst once more have robbed me of my senses by intoxicating potions; then thou, wretch, added she, turning again to Lovelace, mightest have securely depended on such a low, such a wretched contrivance. And yet, vile woman, who, perhaps, hast been the ruin of the body and soul of hundreds, know that I am not married to this miscreant; and that I have friends who will demand my honour at your hands: Take care then, what farther insults you offer me. Though thus vilely betrayed, I am a person of rank and fortune. I never will be *his*; and now I have full proof of your detestable wickedness, I will pursue you to your utter ruin.

Here

Here all the woman, struck by their consciences, trembled. As for thee, thou vile Dorcas, added she, thou double deceiver! artfully whining forth thy pretended love to me, begone! nobody will hurt thee! Begone, I say; thou hast too well acted thy part to be blamed by any here but myself, in this house; thy guilt is thy security. Steal away into darkness. After this, no enquiry will be made, whose were the first advances.

The wretch confounded and affrighted, here flunk away, as did Mabell, another of the women, who had been set over her, though Lovelabe called her back. He vexed and ashamed, with a fierce look, then advanced towards Clarissa. When turning to him, stop where thou art, O thou vilest and most abandoned of men! — Stop where thou art, she cried; nor with that determined face offer to touch me, if thou wouldest not see me lie dead at thy feet! To his astonishment she then grasped a penknife in her hand, with the point to her bosom. You Sir, and ye women

women are safe, added she. The law shall be all my resource, the law alone shall be my refuge.

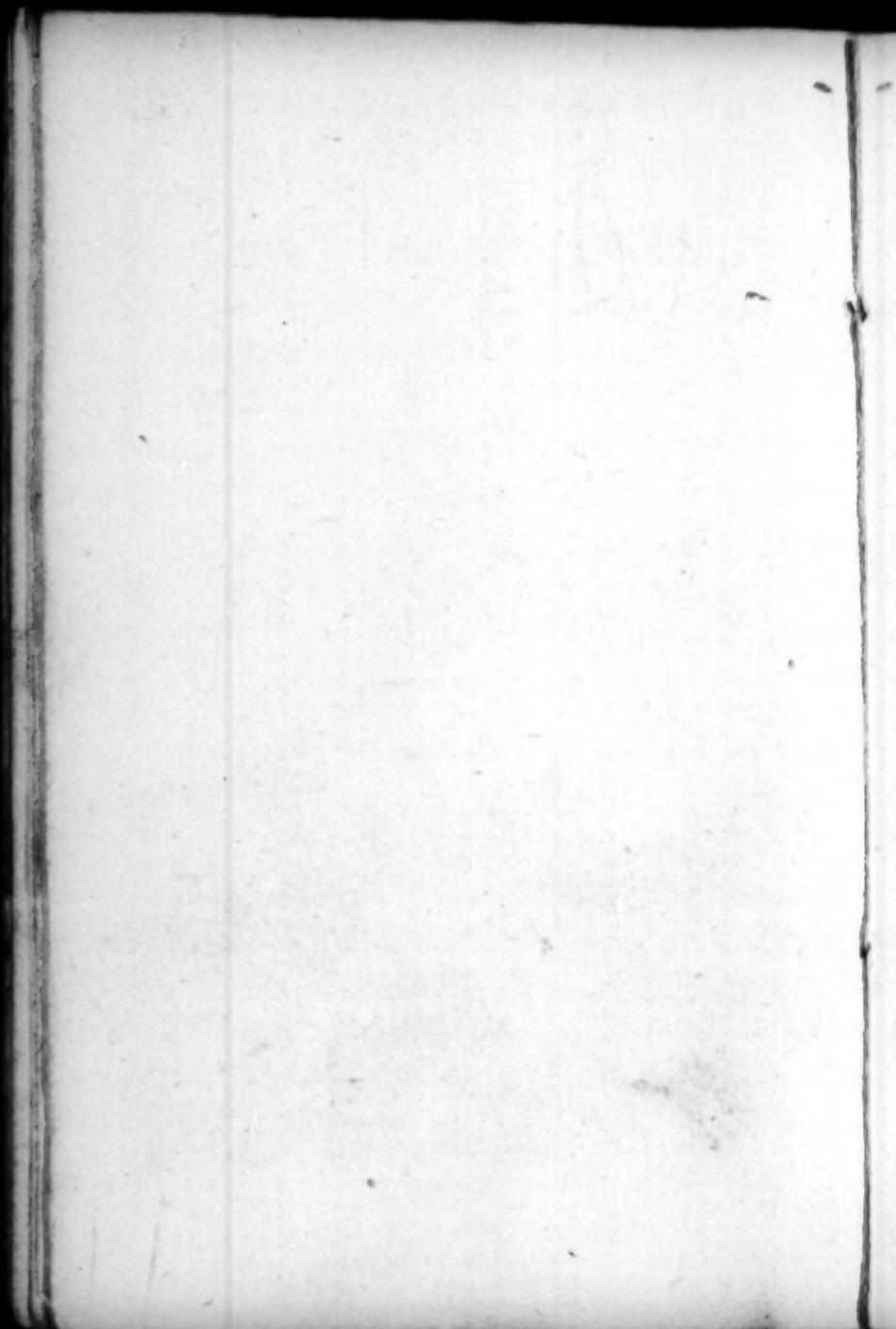
This struck them into a pannick, and the infamous wretch Sinclair, whispered to Lovelace, that it was better to come to terms with that strange lady, and let her go. Sally, in spite of the impudent bravery she had shewn at other times, observed, If Mr. Lovelace had told them what was not true of her being his wife, ——and Polly Horton, added, that she must needs say, if the lady were not his wife, she had been very much injured. That is not now, cried Lovelace, a matter to be disputed. You and I know, Madam. ——We do so, said she, and I thank God I am not thine—once more I thank God for it! I have no doubt of the farther baseneſſ thou hadſt intended me, by this vile and low trick. But I have my ſenſes, Lovelace, and from my heart I deſpife thee, thou very poor Lovelace! How canſt thou stand in my preſence? Thou that——Madam, Madam, Madam, cried

Lovelace, these insults are not to be borne, and was approaching her, when she stepping to the door, and setting her back against it, held the pointed knife to her heaving bosom, while the woman held him, beseeching him for their house's sake, not to provoke the lady. Approach me, Lovelace, if thou wilt, said she. I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will extend his mercy to my poor soul, and I expect none from thee! I have gained this distance, and two steps nearer me will shew thee what I dare do! Leave me, woman, to myself, and to my angel, said Lovelace. They retired at a distance, and he proceeded, holding out his arms, and putting one knee to the floor. O my beloved, cried he, how you terrify me! Say you will sheath your knife in the injurer's, not the injured's heart; and then, and not till then, will I approach you. He moved a little forward; and dost thou, dost thou, added she, with her arms extended, dost thou still insidiously move towards me? I dare—I dare—not rashly neither.

—My



Lovelace intimidated by Clarissa's threatening to kill herself



—My heart, from principle, abhors the act which thou makest necessary. God, in thy mercy! lifting up her eyes and hands —God in thy mercy!—Lovelace threw himself to the farther end of the room, a silent ejaculation that moment employing her thoughts. On casting her eyes towards him, she beheld him at the utmost distance the room would allow, when her lovely cheeks, that were before in a glow, as if terrified at her own purpose, turned pale; and lifting up her eyes, thank God!—Thank God! said she, I am for the present delivered from myself. Keep, Sir, keep that distance; for it has saved a life; to what purpose reserved, the Almighty only knows! To be happy, Madam, said he, and to make happy—and O let me but hope for your favour to-morrow—I will put off my journey till then. And may God.—Swear not, Sir, cried she, with an awful and piercing look; you have too often swore! God's eye is upon us, his more immediate eye! and looked wildly. But the woman looked up to the

cieling and trembled, as if afraid of the eye of God.

If not to-morrow, Madam, said he, say but next Thursday!—say but next Thursday! This, I say, she replied, and of this thou mayest assure thyself, I never, never will be thine. And let me hope that I may be entitled to the performance of thy promise, to allow me to leave this innocent house, as one called it, as soon as the day breaks. Did my perdition depend upon it, Madam, replied he, you cannot, but upon terms: And I hope you will not terrify me. Nothing less, she returned, than an attempt upon my honour, shall make me desparate. I have no views but to defend my honour: solely with this view I entered into treaty with your infamous agent below. The resolution you have seen, God will give me upon the same occasion: But for a less, I wish not for it. Only take notice, women, that I am not this man's wife. He has no authority over me——If you, by his command, detain me, look to it. Then,  
taking

taking one of the candles, she turned from them, and while Lovelace and the women stood stupidly gazing at each other, went away, not a soul being able to molest her. In a hurry she pulled her key out of her pocket, unlocked her chamber door, and instantly entering her apartment, locked herself in.

Early the next morning Lovelace set out for M— Hall, from whence he sent several letters to Clarissa, apologizing for the despicable figure he made in the last interview, and entreating her to render him happy the next Thursday. Four of these letters were sent by special messengers, who returned without an answer. He now wrote to Mr. Belford, one of his companions, and to the pretended Captain Tomlinson, to pay her a visit, and prevail on her to give her consent. Meanwhile, Clarissa's thoughts were employed on the means of her escape; and having given Mabell a brown lutestring gown, while the Mantua-maker was trying it on in another room, she slipped over her own the

one the girl had pulled off, and putting on the wench's apron and short cloak, walked out of the house without being observed. No sooner was she gone than the whole house was in confusion; but all endeavours to find her were in vain. She had taken lodgings at Mr. Smith's, a Glover, in King-street, Covent-Garden, where she had two rooms on the first floor; and, while she was praising God for her happy escape, Lovelace was raving, cursing, and sending orders to search for her in all the villages round London.

Clarissa instantly wrote to inform Miss Howe of the loss of her honour, and her escape; and also to lady Betty Lawrence and Miss Montague, to know whether they were at Hampstead, and had brought her in a coach-and-four to town. These ladies informed her, that they had not been at Hampstead, and expressed their earnest desire to see her happily married, as on that event they founded all their hopes of Mr. Lovelace's reformation: But Clarissa, in her reply, told them of his villainous forgeries,

fergeries, and perjuries; of his procuring two women, richly dressed, to personate them, who took her to a vile house, from which she had before escaped; where she was first robbed of her senses, and then of her honour; and concluded with observing, that nothing should ever induce her to marry so treacherous and profligate a villain.

The letter she had sent to Miss Howe, fell into the hands of that young lady's mother, who returned a very severe answer, which the still unhappy Clarissa received, while her mind was sinking under the distressing thoughts of the cruelty of relations, whom she had never ceased to love, and the dreadful idea of her father's curse; but this giving a turn to her thoughts, helped to remove her despondency. At last, she received a letter from Miss Howe; but it was only such a one as aggravated her distress, and made her think she had lost her only friend. That lady reflected on her for voluntarily returning to the wicked Sinclair's after her informing

informing her in two letters of the infamous character of the house, and that Captain Tomlinson was an imposter; mentioned her receiving the last, in a disordered manner, lying on a couch, with her face red and bloated, and told her that she had sent a person, who went to Mrs. Moore's with a strong guard to take her into her protection.

Grieved and surprized at the contents of this letter, Clarissa in her reply vindicated her own conduct from the charge of imprudence, sending back the long letter forged by Lovelace; and then writing to Hampstaad, was informed that Mrs. Bevis, by Lovelace's desire, had personated her, in order to obtain her friend's second letter. Miss Howe was extremely surprized at seeing so exact an imitation of her hand, and instantly acquitting her much-loved friend, wrote to inform her of this vile forgery, inclosing the rough draught of the long letter she ought to have received, and the substance of that given Mrs. Bevis. Her resentment was

now levelled against Lovelace alone ; and both her Mother and she joined in persuading Clarissa to prosecute that abandoned villain ; but all their arguments had no effect.

In the mean time, the lady Betty Lawrence, and Miss Montague went to Lord M—'s, and in that nobleman's presence, read to Lovelace, the letters they had received from the injured Clarissa, and in very severe terms reproached him for his villainy. He patiently heard their accusations, acknowledged his baseness, and talked in such high terms of the lady's perfections, and his earnest desire to make her all the satisfaction in his power, that they at length resolved to use their utmost endeavours to prevail on her to forgive him. Accordingly, Miss Montague and lady Sadlair, her sister, went in Lord M—'s coach-and-six, to pay Miss Howe a visit, to entreat her to engage her unhappy friend to put herself into lady Betty Lawrence's protection, promising that she should not part with her, till she saw all the justice

tice done her it was possible for her to receive.

Miss Howe, influenced by their reasons, pressed her dear friend to marry him, as the only means of procuring her own happiness. This letter she sent by the post, desiring an immediate answer; but receiving none, she wrote again to chide her for keeping her in suspense, and sent the letter by a messenger, who travelled all night, and carried it to Mr. Smith's; where he was told that she had been missing several days; for, going about six in the morning, to prayers at Covent-Garden Church, very poorly in health, they had not heard of her since. Miss Howe's messenger returned post haste, with the dreadful intelligence. That young Lady was almost distracted at the news, and, in the bitterness of her soul, instantly dispatched a special messenger to Miss Montague, with a most affecting letter, to demand her dearest friend.

Dorcas had that morning seen Clarissa step out of Mr. Smith's shop, and watching her, observed her enter Covent-Garden





Clarissa is invited by Covent Garden  
Church

den church, to hear morning prayers ; and having placed Lovelace's man to prevent her escape, had her arrested, at her leaving the church, for one hundred and fifty pounds for board and lodging, though her cloaths and effects were in Sinclair's house.

Clarissa, on being stopped by the officers, who whispered her, that they had a writ against her, and that she must go with them, was terrified, trembled, and turned pale. They desired her to step into a chair, which stood with the head up to receive her. She for some time expostulated with them to know what they meant. But, at last, seeing Lovelace's servant, she called out for help. A crowd instantly gathered round her, and while some were struck with compassion at seeing a fine young creature in such distress, others threw out shocking reflections. A gentleman now interposed, and asking to see the fellows authority, desired, after he had looked at it, to know if her name was Clarissa Harlowe ; and being told that it was, expressed his pity, and telling her

she must go with them, retired. Another gentleman, enquiring if nobody could be applied to, who would see that she was not ill used, Lovelace's servant answered, that orders were particularly given for that. She had rich relations, and would only be carried to the officer's house till her affairs could be made up. Well, if I must go, cried she, I must! I can't resist——but I won't be carried to the woman's! ——I will rather die at your feet than be carried to the woman's! They told her, she should not be carried there. When, observing the crowd, she started, and cried, Any where, —— any where, but to the woman's! and stepping into the chair, in the utmost distress and confusion, threw herself on the seat, crying, Carry me, carry me out of sight! Cover me, cover me up for ever! She was taken to the officer's house in a mean court in High-Holborn; but, on her being taken out of the chair, fainted away. Sally, one of Mrs. Sinclair's nieces was there, and, as a favour, proposed her going to her for-

mey

mer lodgings ; but this she absolutely refused.

No sooner was the distressed Clarissa thus arrested, than the execrable Sinclair dispatched a man and horse with the joyful news to Lovelace, and the messenger was flattered with the hopes of his receiving a considerable reward ; and therefore, as he found on his arrival, that Lovelace was taking a tour with lord M— and his two nieces for two or three days, he stayed till his return ; but instead of a reward he received nothing but curses. Lovelace, who now found it impossible to bring her to be his mistress, thought he could not live without her, and had resolved to make her his wife. Ashamed with the low villainy of this proceeding, and distracted with rage, he instantly wrote to Mr. Belford, his most intimate friend ; and sending a messenger, as if on life and death, desired him to hasten to Clarissa, and clear him of having any share in the vile contrivance ; to set her free from confinement without conditions, to give her the strongest assurances,

assurances, that she was entirely at liberty ; that without her leave, he would neither molest, nor visit her, and as a proof of his sincerity, to cause all her cloaths and effects to be sent to her.

This gentleman, who had often been an advocate for Clarissa, and had frequently endeavoured to persuade him to do her justice, instantly hasted to the vile Sinclair's, and not finding the lady there, posted to the officer's, but as it was Sunday could not obtain the sight of her, she being resolved to have the remainder of the day to herself. However, the next morning, he was introduced into the room by the officer's wife, when he was immediately shocked at the dreadful place in which he found her, and its wretched furniture. She was kneeling in a corner, near a dismal broken window, secured with iron bars, her arms crossed upon a crazy table, and the fore finger of her right hand in a Bible. Her dress was a neat white damask ; her head-cloaths were a little discomposed ; her fine hair hanging in

in natural ringlets, but a little tangled, shaded one side of her neck, as her rumpled handkerchief did the other; and her face, yet lovely, amidst all her sufferings, rested on her arms.

While Mr. Belford took a view of the room, and the kneeling lady, in her white flowing dress, he thought his concern would have choaked him; and stammering out a curse at the officer and his wife, asked, if that was an apartment for such a lady? They replied, in excuse, that they had offered her their own bed-chamber, but she refused it. The charming sufferer then raising her lovely face, overspread with the most significant woe, waved her hand towards the door, as if desiring him to withdraw; he begged she would do him the favour to hear him for one moment, but this she absolutely refused. Mr. Belford did not dare to approach her, but on his knee entreated her to allow him to release her from that wretched house, and out of the power of the vile woman who had caused her to be brought there.

When once more, lifting up her face, she said, Sir, are not you Mr. Belford? I think your name is Belford. It is, Madam, he returned, I was always an admirer of your virtues, and am come to release you from the hands you are in. And into whose to place me, cried she. Leave me, leave me! Let me never rise from this spot! Let me never, never more believe in man! This moment, dearest madam, said he, this very moment, if you please, you may depart whithersoever you think fit; you are absolutely free, and your own mistress. I had now, she returned, as lieve die here as anywhere; and will owe no obligation to the friend of him, in whose company you have seen me. Therefore, pray sir, leave me. Then turning to the officer, she said, that she was better reconciled to his house than at first, and if he could but engage that none but his wife should come near her, she should die with him, and they should be well satisfied for their trouble; and then turning to Mr. Belford, again, entreated him to leave her, repeating, she would

would owe no obligation to the friend of her destroyer; but offering to rise, she, through weakness, sunk down and fainted away.

Mr. Belford and the officer retiring, left her to the care of the woman of the house and her maid; and after her recovery, being informed she was so weak and low, that she could hardly speak, Mr. Belford took this opportunity to go to her lodgings, in order to fetch Mrs. Smith: but she being from home, he told her husband what had happened, which he pretended was owing to a mistake of orders; and finding that two letters had been left for her, he called a chair, and hastened back with them.

On his return, an apothecary who had been sent for, had just gone up stairs; and the officer's wife being above with him, Mr. Belford made no scruple of following them. The unhappy lady was seated on the side of a broken couch, and did not care to speak to the apothecary, who made a very disagreeable appearance. On her

seeing Mr. Belford, she said, her not being left to her own sex was not the least of her present misfortunes. He begged her excuse, and making a sign to the apothecary to withdraw, observed that he had been at her new lodgings to get every thing ready for her reception. That Mr. Smith and his wife had been full of apprehensions for her safety, and that he had brought two letters, which had been left there for her. Those, she said, were from the only friend she had in the world; when kissing them, and looking at the seals, she put them in her bosom. He again entreated her to think of quitting that wretched place, assuring her, in the solemnest manner, that nobody should disturb her at Mr. Smith's; and that he would particularly engage his honour, that he who had most offended her, should not come near her without her own consent. Your honour, Sir! said she; are you not that man's friend? I am not a friend, Madam, returned he, to his vile actions to the most excellent of women. Do you flatter

flatter me, Sir? said she. O Sir, your friend, your barbarous friend, what has he to answer for! Her heart was too full to proceed; and putting her hand over her eyes, he saw the tears trickle through her fingers. He then mentioned Lovelace's innocence of this base outrage, and told her, that he was resolved not to molest her; beseeching her to give directions about sending her apparel to her new lodgings. Clarissa then immediately gave him her keys, asking if Mrs. Smith might not attend him; to which he having readily assented, she agreed to go in the chair he had brought.

Mr. Belford then left the room, and took that opportunity to make a small present to the officer and his maid; and sending for the apothecary he paid him beyond his expectations. Meanwhile, the lady giving the maid half a guinea, which was all the gold she had, told the officer's wife, she would speedily acknowledge their civilities, and satisfy the apothecary, who might send his bill to Mr. Smith's; and

and then leaning on the officer's wife, with trembling limbs, walked down stairs, and was conducted by Mr. Belford to the chair.

As Clarissa had not been undressed during her confinement, she, on her arrival at Mr. Smith's, went to bed, and soon after, Mr. Belford, taking Mrs. Smith with him to the abandoned Sinclair's, saw every thing put into the trunk and boxes they were first brought in; and caused them to be carried away in two coaches, though it was with the utmost difficulty he prevented the woman of that infamous house, having a share in the lady's cloaths, which were of considerable value.

Clarissa was next day so ill, that Mrs. Smith provided for her a very good nurse; and she had also the voluntary attendance of Mrs. Lovick, a decayed widow gentlewoman of great piety, who lodged over her apartment, and of whom Clarissa soon became extremely fond. In the evening was called in a skilful, and eminent apothecary; and a few days after, Mr. Belford

ford prevailed on her to accept of the visits of Doctor H——, a physician, no less eminent for his humanity and affectionate behaviour, than for his skill in physic.

On the first visit Mr. Belford was permitted to pay her, he vindicated Lovelace from having any hand in the shameful arrest; but she would not allow him to use any arguments to engage her to be his, or even to see him. The whole of this gentleman's conduct was, however, so unexceptionable, that she could not refuse his visits; and her conversation had so happy an affect on his mind, as made him detest himself for his former vices, and resolved for the future to regulate his conduct, as much as possible, by the unerring standard of virtue and religion.

The sufferings of Clarissa, had been more than her tender frame could bear; she gradually declined, and her illness daily encreased. In this melancholy situation, deprived of the comfort and assistance of her relations, she found consolation in the tenderness of the worthy Mrs. Loyick and

Mrs.

Mrs. Smith, which she termed maternal; and in the affectionate visits both of her doctor and apothecary; who being in years, and having children of their own grown up, behayed to her with an affection which she was pleased to call paternal. Death now making its gradual approaches, she subdued her resentments, and offered up some of her petitions for him who had caused her most dreadful sufferings; and as she had constantly preserved a tender affection for her relations, whom she would not suffer, in her hearing, to be charged with cruelty on her account, she wrote a very moving letter to her sister Arabella, to intercede with her father to revoke that heavy part of the curse he had laid upon her, which related to hereafter. To this she received a most cruel answer; but after the bitterest reproaches, her sister observed, that her father, as far as it was in his power, withdrew the curse he had laid upon her, and hoped that her present punishment would be all she would meet with; but would never own nor forgive her;

her; and grieved that he had such a daughter. She received the unjust reproaches in every line of this letter without repining; and though her nearest relations seemed to take a pleasure in increasing her distress, she wrote again to her sister to inform them that she was drawing near the close of life, and to entreat that one or both her parents would send her their last blessing; but she received a cruel denial, expressed in the most barbarous terms. Thus treated by an unfeeling sister, she wrote a tender letter to the same purpose, to her mamma, and to each of her uncles; but without effect; that good lady, who would joyfully have received her to her bosom, being overruled, was constrained to refuse the kindly blessing.

The humanity of Mr. Belford's behaviour to the unhappy Clarissa, the obligation he had conferred upon her in delivering her from a wretched confinement: in giving his honour that Lovelace should not molest

molest her, and in kindly recommending a physician whom she highly esteemed, had such an effect on that lady's mind, that she desired him, for her private satisfaction, to give her an abstract of his letter on the pretended fire, and what afterwards passed at Hampstead, promising to make no use of this communication, either to his or Lovelace's disadvantage. With this request Mr. Belford readily complied; when Clarissa, finding that Lovelace had done her justice, she, to Belford's astonishment, desired, that when she was dead, he would be the protector of her honour, and her executor; observing, that it would do credit to her memory; that wanting time to write her own story, she had intrusted it to the account given by the destroyer of her fame and fortune. Mr. Belford answered, He hoped she would live to see many happy years, and to perform what lay nearest her heart; but in case of survivorship, he would accept of the sacred office.

Clarissa's

Clarissa's relations being, in the mean time, willing to know her manner of life, and if she was really so ill as she pretended, commissioned a pragmatrical young pendant, who had just taken orders, and was going to London, to make proper enquiries; the result of which was, that though she was very ill, she was visited by one of Mr. Lovelace's intimate friends, and often went out in a chair, as it was said, to hear morning prayers; but he had been told, that nothing was more common than to make the hearing of morning prayers a cover for private assignations. Having collected this conjectural scandal, he sent it down to her relations; and such was the spirit by which they were governed, that they readily believed the worst insinuation, and it was agreed to send her out of the reach of both Lovelace and Belford. Her sister was therefore directed to write to Clarissa, to propose her taking a voyage to one of the colonies.

About this time arrived Colonel Morden, the trustee for her grandfather's es-

tate, who was received by the family with great marks of respect. But having a sincere regard for Clarissa, whom he had not seen for some years, he resolved to take his own measures, to oblige Lovelace to marry her, and to put her in possession of her grandfather's estate. With this view he rode to M—hall, where he had a very warm contest with lord M— and Lovelace; but after several fallies of passion, they grew more calm and composed, and Lovelace doing justice to Clarissa's merit, and very freely censuring his own conduct, while he concealed the blackest instance of his villany, and professing his ardent desire to make her all the reparation in his power by marrying her, as soon as she would permit him that honour, they came to a good understanding; on which Lovelace laid before the Colonel several of the letters that had passed between them, and informed him of some noble proposals made by the lord M—, and the ladies of his family, in favour of Clarissa, even after his being entirely

tirely rejected by that lady. Colonel Morden was charmed with this instance of generosity; and being perfectly satisfied with Lovelace, took his leave.

This gentleman now wrote a very affecting letter to Clarissa, to prevail on her to accept of Lovelace; to comfort her under her present illness; and to inform her that he would be her constant friend; and was then exerting all his endeavours to produce a happy reconciliation between her and her relations; which, as soon as he had accomplished, he himself would haste to bring her the joyful tidings.

The Colonel being now firmly convinced of his niece's innocence, sent a person of discretion to enquire into the manner in which she was supported, and the state of her health. This messenger filled him with the greatest concern and astonishment; for he found that she was reduced to the necessity of selling her cloaths for support; that she was very ill, and that her piety and resignation rendered her the admiration of all who were admitted to

converse with her. He then paid a visit to Miss Howe, who shewed him several of Clarissa's letters, by which it evidently appeared that she was extremely ill; and he read one in particular, in which, in a very tender and affectionate manner, she described her weakness, and her being obliged several times to break off, in order to prevent her fainting.

Mr. Morden having transcribed these passages, he the next day procured a general meeting with all the family, and renewed his solicitations in favour of Clarissa; he then expatiated on her penitence, virtue, and ill health; read a very contrite letter, wrote by Lovelace to Clarissa, with her high-soul'd answer; and afterward mentioning his visit to Miss Howe, read some of the passages he had transcribed from Clarissa's letters to that lady; particularly one, in which she asked what could be done for her now, should her friends be ever so favourable? And wished, more for their sakes than for her own, that they would still relent; and then complained

plained that she was very ill, and must drop her pen. At this, Mrs. Harlowe, weeping and wringing her hands, cried, O my child! my child! They all seemed affected, except Clarissa's brother, who, addressing himself to the good lady, cried, Dear madam, pray recollect that you have more children than this ungrateful one. Mr. Morden was at length permitted to proceed with his extracts; and again moved every one to pity the unhappy Clarissa; but her brother going to each, strove to harden their hearts, and in particular again reminded his mother, that she had other children; asking, what was there in all that was read, but the result of his sister's talent at moying the passions? Mrs. Harlowe talked of going to town to see, and comfort her poor unhappy daughter, and Mr. Morden offered his service to escort her; but this too was over-ruled by the imperious brother, who rendered ineffectual all his endeavours to restore the dying Clarissa to their favour. At this the colonel exclaimed against his inhumanity,

nity, reproached him for his obduracy; and high words arising between them, their resentments were carried to a very great height; and every one siding with the brother, Mr. Morden lifting up his hands and eyes, cried, To what hearts of flint am I related! — — — O cousin Harlowe, are you resolved to have but one daughter? Are you, Madam, to be taught by a son, who has no bowels, to forget that you are a mother? I will never more open my lips to you on this subject: But will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, and brother she has lost. On saying this, he hurried out of the room, notwithstanding their using their utmost endeavours to detain him; and, calling for his horse, rode away.

In the mean time Clarissa was busily employed in taking all such measures as she thought would render the office of her executor as little troublesome as possible. That lady had not only rendered the view of death familiar to her mind, but longed for

for its approach and every preparation for it was attended with pleasure. She took a chair, and went to an undertaker's in Fleet-street, where she bespoke her coffin; and with the greatest composure, gave directions about some emblems, of which she had made drawings, and chose to have placed on the lid.

Some days after she had taken this extraordinary step, Mr. Belford paid her a visit, and was but just seated, when he was startled at hearing a rumbling noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk had been bringing up between two people. Clarissa blushed, and entreating him not to be surprised, said they were bringing her something before the time. In an instant Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick entered, crying, O Madam, what have you done? and Mr. Belford starting up and going to the door, to his great surprize, they told him it was a coffin. With the utmost intrepidity and calmness Clarissa arose, and directed the men to carry it into her bed-chamber: and then returning, said, Pray excuse

excuse me, Mr. Belford; and don't you Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Lovick, be concerned; there is nothing more in it than the uncommonness of the thing. May we not be as reasonably shocked at going to church, where are the monuments of our ancestors, with whose dust we hope ours will one day be mingled, as to be affected at such a sight as this? They all remaining silent, the women holding their aprons to their eyes, Why this concern? she resumed, If I am to be blamed, it is for shewing too much solicitude for this poor earthly part of me. I love to do every thing I can for myself; and I have here no mother, no sister, no Miss Howe, near me. And pray what is the difference of a few days to you, when by it, I am gratified rather than discomposed? — My dear friends, added she to the women, I have considered these things; don't give me reason to think that you have not. They were all of them still silent, the women in grief, and Mr. Belford in a manner stunned. She then asked the women

to

to walk in, and look upon it; and Mr. Belford took his leave, observing to her, that she had done wrong, very wrong, and ought not to be allowed by any means to have before her such an object.

The coffin was covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white fattin; and the burial dress was brought in with it. Mrs. Lovick took the liberty to blame her, and wished the removal of such an object, at least from her bed-chamber. But Clarissa replied, To people in health, this sight may seem too solemn; and my unconcern, may appear affected; but to me, who have been so gradually weaned from the world, and have so much reason to rejoice that I am leaving it, it is far otherwise: and I cannot help saying, that I dwell on, I indulge and enjoy the thoughts of death. For, added she, looking steadfastly at the awful receptacle, there is such a vast superiority of weight and importance in the thought of death, and its hoped-for happy consequences, that it annihilates all other concerns. Believe me, my

my good friends, it does what nothing else can; it teaches me, by strengthening me, to inforce that divinest example, to forgive all the injuries I have received; and shuts out from my soul the remembrance of past evils.

Clarissa's mind still continued calm and serene; but she was now satisfied with the duties of the closet, and the visits of the minister of the parish; and would no more leave the house. Mean-while, though her weakness daily increased, and her sight began to fail; all her noble intellects were strong and lively. She laid before Mr. Felford a particular account of what she would have done immediately after her decease; shewed him where she had deposited her will; and where she had put her letters and copies of letters; and then caused him to seal up all with his own seal, in her presence; this was done with an air so composed and cheerful, as equally surprized and affected both him, and the women who were present. Then rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looking

looking intently upon them, God bless you all ! cried she. How kindly are you concerned for me ! who says I am friendless ? who says I am abandoned, and amongst strangers ? —— Good Mr. Belford, don't be so generously humane ! Indeed, added she, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, you will make me less happy than I am sure you wish me to be.

That gentleman soon after retired, and immediately wrote to Colonel Morden, that if he expected to see his beloved cousin alive, he must lose no time ; and by the same post Dr. H—— wrote to her father, to acquaint him that he had yet an opportunity to save himself and family great future regret, by dispatching one of it, with his and his lady's last blessing, to the most excellent lady of her sex ; and after giving the highest encomiums on her conduct, which he observed, was that, in which a dying saint might glory ; he observed that whatever was done, must be done speedily ; for he did not think she could live above a week ; and how long

of that time she might enjoy her senses, so as to receive comfort from the favours he might think proper to confer upon her, he could not pretend to say.

Mr. Belford had communicated to Lovelace every particular as it passed, and that gentleman now seeing the effects of the villainous treatment he had given the excellent lady, whom he had forced into his protection, was now stung by the reproaches of his own conscience. Sick of himself, sick of the remembrance of his vile plots, which had brought upon him such heavy, such durable remorse, he in-unavailing anguish, uttered his complaints to Mr. Belford, bidding him tell the Doctor, that if he could recover her, he would make him a present of a thousand guineas. But desiring him, that if she really left the world, he would not bluntly tell him so, but only that he would do well to take a tour to Paris.

The Colonel no sooner received Mr. Belford's letter, than abandoning all thoughts of procuring a reconciliation, he rode post

to

to London, and alighted at Mr. Smith's, where, with great impatience, he immediately asked how Miss Harlowe did. Mrs. Smith let him know she was alive, but she feared was drawing on apace. Good God ! cried he, can I see her ? My name is Morden. I have the honour to be nearly related to her, step up, pray, and if she be sensible, tell her that I am here. Who is with her ? She replied, there was nobody but her nurse and Mrs. Lovick, except Mr. Belford was with her. He then desired to speak with Mr. Belford, who came down to him ; when being informed that she was sitting in a sound sleep, the Colonel begged that he might see her, though sleeping ; for his impatience was too great to permit his staying till she awaked, and he would not have her disturbed. Mrs. Smith, therefore stepping up before them, desired Mrs. Lovick and the nurse not to stir when they entered. Colonel Morden on his being introduced by Mr. Belford, found her dressed in white, with her left arm round Mrs. Lovick's neck, who sat

close by her. One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's breast, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint, but charming flush; the other paler and hollow. Her hands which were extremely white, hung lifeless, one before her, the other was held by the affectionate widow, whose tears bedewed the face which her motherly bosom supported. Her countenance had an air of the sweetest calmness and serenity, and her sleep seemed easy; her breath was indeed quick and short, but tolerably free, and did not appear like that of a person on the verge of life. In this affecting attitude, she appeared before her cousin Morden, who sighing often, gazed upon her with folded arms, and the most affectionate attention; till, at last, on her starting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen that was drawn before her coffin, which stood under the window. This screen was placed there as soon as Clarissa was obliged to take to her chamber; though Mr. Belford, in the  
short

short conversation he had with the Colonel, had forgot to inform him of what he would probably see.

On his retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, drowned in grief, seemed unable to speak; but on casting his eyes downwards, he perceived the shape of a coffin; and lifting up a purple cloth, that was spread over it, he started back, crying, Good God! What's here? Mrs. Smith stepped up softly to him; but while he was, in a low voice, blaming her for suffering his cousin to indulge her gloomy reflections with such an object; and she vindicating herself, Clarissa heaved a profound sigh, started, and awaked. She observed, that she had slept without being refreshed, and that her fingers ends seemed numbed. Mr. Belford told her that her cousin Morden had called there, and would return in half an hour; but he feared to surprize her. Nothing in this world can now surprize me, said she, except my dear Mamma was to come, and favour me with her last blessing. That

would even yet be a welcome surprise. But if he comes, what shall I do about that screen? He will probably chide me, and I can't bear chiding now.

Mr. Belford now favoured Mr. Morden's retreat, and the screen was placed as near the window as possible, to prevent his seeing what was behind it; while he, hearing all she said, resolved to take no notice of it. He soon after sent in his name, and being instantly admitted, folded the lady in his arms as she sat, dropping down on one knee; for placing her hands on the elbows of the chair, she attempted to rise, but could not. Excuse me, my dear cousin, said she, excuse my not standing up.—I did not expect such a favour now; but I am glad of this opportunity of thanking you for all your kind and generous goodness. I never, my best beloved and dearest cousin, said he, the tears gushing from his eyes, shall forgive myself that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they

they did——If they did, repeated she, interrupting him, I should have more compassion from them—I am sure I should. But, pray Sir, how did you leave them? Are you reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor Clarissa, that you will. For every widened difference serves to augment my fault, since that is the foundation of all. He then told her, that he had brought her the accounts of her grandfather's estate, with bills and draughts upon their banker, lest she should be in want of money; and that this was such an earnest of an approaching reconciliation, that he dared to answer for every thing else. Ah, Sir! cried she, ——with frequent breaks and pauses, —— I wish, I wish, this does not rather shew, that were I to live, they would have nothing more to say to me. I never had any pride in being independent: all my actions, when I might have made myself more so, shew this. She then apologized for having troubled Mr. Belford with the office of being her executor;

from her not having seen him sooner, and not knowing that he still honoured her with his regard ; and entreated him not to revenge her on Lovelace. After this, complaining of her being very faint and low, and expressing her sorrow that she could not better deserve the honour of that visit, she sunk back in her chair, and was silent ; on which the Colonel and Mr. Bel- ford instantly withdrew.

Clarissa had before remarked that all would be most conveniently over in bed : The solemn, the important moment approached, but her soul ardently aspiring after immorality ; she imagined the time moved slowly ; and with great presence of mind, she gave orders in relation to her body, directing her nurse and the maid of the house, as soon as she was cold, to put her into her coffin. The Colonel, after paying her another visit, wrote to her uncle Mr. John Harlowe, that they might save themselves the trouble of having any farther debates about reconciliation ; for

before

before they could resolve, his dear cousin would probably be no more.

A day or two after, Mr. Belford was sent for, and immediately came; at his entrance he saw the Colonel kneeling by her bed-side with the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears, though she had just been endeavouring to comfort him, in noble and elevated strains. On the opposite side of the bed, was seated Mrs. Lovick, who leaning against the bed's-head in a most disconsolate manner, turned to him, as soon as she saw him, crying, O Mr. Belford, the dear lady! A heavy sigh not permitting her to say more. Mrs. Smith was kneeling at the bed's feet with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, with the tears trickling in large drops down her cheeks, as if imploring help from the source of life and every comfort.

The excellent lady had been silent a few minutes, and was thought speechless, she moving her lips without uttering a word; but when Mrs. Lovick, on Mr.

Bel-

Belford's approach, pronounced his name<sup>9</sup>  
O Mr. Belford ! cried she, in a faint in-  
ward voice, Now ! — now ! —  
I bless God, all will soon be over —  
a few — a very few moments will end this  
strife — and I shall be happy ! —  
Comfort, Sir, — comfort my cousin  
— See ! — the blameable kind-  
ness ! — He does not wish me to be  
happy so soon ! Then pausing for two or  
three minutes, during which her looks  
were earnestly fixed on the Colonel, My  
dearest cousin, she resumed, be comfort-  
ed ! — What is dying but the com-  
mon lot ? — The mortal frame may  
seem to labour — but that is all ! It  
is not so hard to die as I thought —  
The preparation is the difficulty, and I  
bless God I have had time for that ! —  
the rest is worse to beholders than to  
me ! — I am all blessed hope — hope  
itself ! Here her looks expressed this truth ;  
for a sweet smile overspread her counte-  
nance. After a short silence, Once more,  
my dear cousin, said she, commend me  
most

most dutifully to my father and mother, to my sister, to my brother, to my uncles — — — Tell them I bless them with my departing breath — — — for all their displeasure, I bless them — — — Most happy has been my punishment here! — — — happy indeed.

She was again silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin did not hold between his, and then cried, “ O death! where is thy sting? ” — — — “ It is good for me that I was afflicted.” Then turning to the Colonel and Mr. Belford, who were lost in speechless sorrow, O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you don’t know what foretastes — — — what assurances. — — — Here, she again stopped, and looked upward, sweetly smiling, as if in a thankful rapture.

She then turned her head towards Mr. Belford, and said, Do you, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! And I pray God forgive him! — Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying for his forgivness. Let him know, added she, how

how happily I die, and that I wish his last hour may be like mine.

Again she was silent for a few moments, and then resuming —— my sight fails me ! —— your voices only —— but the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand ? pressing one of his with her hand, which she had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's ? added she, holding out the other. He gave her his. God Almighty bless you both, and make you both in your last hour —— for you must come to this ! —— as happy as I am.

Again she paused, her breath growing shorter ; and after a few minutes, And, now my dearest cousin, give me your hand —— nearer —— nearer still, added she, drawing it towards her, and pressing it to her dying lips —— God protect you, dear, dear Sir ! and once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks ! —— and tell my dear Miss Howe —— she will one day, I fear not, be a saint in heaven.

After

After again continuing for a short time silent, she resumed, in a more faint and broken accent, And you, Mr. Belford, pressing his hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors —— may you be —— She then sunk her head upon her pillow, and fainting away, drew from them her hands. They all thought she was gone, and each gave way to a violent burst of grief. But soon shewing signs of returning life, their attention was again engaged ; and when a little recovered, Mr. Belford entreated her to compleat in his favour, her half pronounced blessing ; when waving her hand to him and her cousin, and bowing her head to every one present, not omitting the nurse and the maid servant, with a faltering and inward voice, she added, Bless —— bless —— bless —— you all ! — — — And now — — — and now — — — for the last time, holding up her almost lifeless hands, — Come, O come — Blessed Lord Jesus — And with these words she expired, with such a smile, such a sweet serenity, at that instant

instant overspreading her face, as seemed to express her eternal happiness, already begun.

Mr. Belford and the colonel, pressed her still warm though lifeless hand with their lips, and then retired into the next room: Where they looked at each other as if going to speak; but as if one motion governed, as one cause affected both, they turned away silent. Mr. Morden sighed as if his heart would burst; and at last, lifting up his hands and face, Good heaven! said he, support me! And is it thus, O flower of nature! —— Must we no more —— never more —— my blessed, blessed cousin! —— And then, as if recollecting himself, Forgive me, Sir! he added —— O excuse me, Mr. Belford; and hastily passing by him, walked down stairs, and left the house; Mr. Belford remaining silent and motionless as a statue: But, at last, recovering himself as well as he was able, he wrote to two of his companions to hasten to Lovelace, to prevent his performing some act of desperation; and

and then sent to the latter a short note, in which were only these words, "I have  
" only to say at present, thou wilt do well  
" to take a tour to Paris, or where-ever  
" thy destiny shall lead thee."

The very day after Clarissa's death, a servant in livery brought for her a letter from her brother, and another from her sister, to comfort and assure her of her father's and mother's blessing, which she had so ardently longed for, and which, had they come in time, she would have received with great joy.

Mr. Belford, on looking over her papers, found she had written letters to be sent after her decease, to every one of her family; also to Miss Howe and Lovelace; and one to himself. These were all written in a tender, pious and generous strain, in order to give comfort, rather than distress; her duty, affection and piety, appeared in every line; and all of them expressed the ecstatic assurance that when those letters came to their hands, she should be enjoying eternal felicity.

O

Mr.

Mr. Belford, now in the character of her executor, sent one of his servants with the posthumous letters to the family, and to Miss Howe, and also a letter from Colonel Morden, to acquaint Mr. James Harlowe with his sister's death, and her desire to be interred near her grandfather. This messenger found the whole family assembled, on occasion of the letter the Colonel had before sent, and flattering themselves with the hopes, that to hasten their resolutions, their cousin had represented her worse than she really was; but the servant had no sooner delivered the letter that contained the fatal news, than the whole house was in the utmost confusion, the servants running different ways, lamenting and wringing their hands; Mrs. Harlowe was in fits, and all in such disorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himself.

He therefore proceeded to Mrs. Howe's, where he had the precaution to desire to speak with Miss's maid, to whom he communicated the fatal news, that she might break

break it to her mistress. The maid herself was so affected, that the old lady came to see what ailed her, and was herself so struck with the communication, that she was obliged to sit down. O the sweet creature! said she, And is it come to this? — O my poor Nancy — — How shall I be able to break the matter to my Nancy! When Mrs. Howe was a little recovered, she went up, in order to let her daughter know the dreadful tidings, taking the letter and salts in her hand. Instantly the house-keeper, with her face overspread with tears, came hurrying down into the kitchen, crying, her young mistress had fainted away; nor did she wonder at it. — — — There never lived a lady more worthy of general admiration than Miss Clarissa Harlowe! and never was there a stronger friendship dissolved by death, than between her young lady and her. She then hurried away with a lighted wax candle, and feathers to burn under the nose of her young mistress.

Mr. Morden resolved to accompany the hearse to Harlowe-Place. The coffin was filled with flowers and aromatic herbs; and proper care taken to prevent the corpse from being moved by the jolting of the hearse. He arrived at Harlowe-Place, some time before the body. At his entrance into the court, all were in motion, every servant he saw had swelled eyes, and seemed deeply concerned. But a perfect concert of grief broke out the moment they saw him enter the parlour. Mr. Harlowe, the father, no sooner cast his eyes upon him, than he cried, O cousin, cousin, you are the only person of all our family, who have nothing to reproach yourselves with! The poor mother, bowing her head to him, in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes with one hand, while her sister Harvey held the other between both hers, weeping upon it. Mr. Anthony Harlowe, who conducted Colonel Morden into the room, went towards Mrs. Harlowe, crying, Don't—don't—dear sister! Then towards the afflicted father,

Don't—

Don't—don't, dear brother, Don't thus give way—— And without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the room, and, wanting himself the comfort he strove to give, sunk into a chair, and sobbed aloud.

The Colonel then approaching the inconsolable mother, said, Let us not, Madam, give way to a grief, which however just, can be of no avail. We hurt ourselves, and cannot recall the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor indeed would you wish it, did you but know with what assurances of eternal happiness she left the world. She is happy, Madam! —— Depend upon it, she is happy! and let this be your comfort. O cousin, cousin! cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from her sister Harvey's, and pressing the Colonel's with it, You know not what a child I have lost! —— and how lost! That it is that makes my loss insupportable.

They now all joined in the melancholy chorus, each accusing him and herself, and

some one another. But the eyes of all were in turn, fixed upon James Harlowe, as the person who had kept up the general resentment, while he seemed hardly able to bear his own remorse, nor Miss Harlowe hers, she breaking out, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarously did I insult her! Yet how patiently did she bear it! O brother, brother! — but for you! — but for you! — Double not upon me, cried he, interrupting her, my own woes! I only thought to reclaim a dear creature that had erred! I did not intend to break her heart! but it was the villainous Lovelace who did that — not any of us! We must for ever lament, cried the unhappy mother, our unkindness to so sweet a child! — Indeed, indeed, added she softly to her sister Harvey, I have been too passive, much too passive. The temporary quiet I have, all my life, been so studious to preserve, will cost me everlasting disquiet! — Dear sister! was all the answer Mrs. Harvey could make. I have done but half my duty

duty to the dearest and most deserving of my children, resumed the afflicted mother; — nay, not half — How have we hardened our hearts against her! Again her tears choked up the passage of her words, and, dearest, dearest sister! was all the reply Mrs. Harvey could make. Would to heaven, proceeded the mother, I had but once seen her! Then lifting up her eyes to her son and daughter, she added, O James! O Arabella! were we to receive as little mercy!

The hearse at length came to the gate, and a servant entered to let them know what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner-court-yard, had before apprized them of; unable to speak, he looked, bowed, and withdrew. Clarissa, having been universally beloved, on account of her being the common patroness of all the honest poor in the neighbourhood, about fifty men, women and children had, at the solemn tolling of the bell of the parish church, assembled; this was a respect paid to the memory of the deceased, out

out of officious love, as the hearse passed near the church. Several of these people made a good appearance, but not one of them had a dry eye, each lamenting the death of the admirable lady, who never stirred out, but somebody was the better for it. When the coffin was taking out of the hearse, these crowding about it, for a few moments hindered its being carried in, the young people striving who should bear it. At length, six maidens were permitted to carry it by the six handles, into a parlour adjoining to the hall, which Clarissa used to call her parlour, and placed it on a table in the middle of the room; but when the father and mother, her aunt Harvey, the two uncles, and her sister came in, joining her brother and Mr. Morden, the scene became still more affecting. Their sorrow was, doubtless heightened by the idea of their cruelty; and now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who was so lately driven thence, by their indiscreet and cruel violence, no wonder

wonder their grief was more than they knew how to bear. They would have withheld the mother from entering the parlour ; but when they could not, though undetermined before, led by an irresistible impulse, they all bore her company. The poor lady did but just cast her eye upon the coffin, and then snatching it away, retired with passionate grief towards the window, addressing herself to her beloved daughter ! O my child ! my child ! cried she, thou pride of my hope ! Why, oh why was not I permitted to speak pardon and peace to thee ? O forgive thy cruel mother ! The father's grief was too deep for utterance, till he saw his son coming in, when giving a groan, Never, said he, was sorrow like mine ! O son ! son ! added he in a reproaching accent. Her uncles and her sister frequently looked and turned away on the emblems, in silent sorrow. Mrs. Harvey would have read to them the inscription : These words she did read : " Here the wicked cease from troubling ;" but could proceed no farther, her

her tears falling in large drops upon the plate she was contemplating.

These mourners were no sooner retired, than Mr. Morden ordered the lid of the coffin to be unscrewed, and caused some fresh aromatics and flowers to be put into it. The maids who brought the flowers, were ambitious of strewing them about the body, and having poured fresh lamentations over it, retired. The mourning family being told that the lid was unscrewed, they all pressed in again, except the unhappy father and mother: Then it was that the grief of each found fluent utterance. Afterwards the afflicted parents proposed to take one last view of their once-darling daughter, but having reached the door, neither of them were able to enter the room.

Miss Howe came the next morning in her chariot, for the last time, to behold her beloved friend. Mr. Morden handed her out, when addressing him, Never did I think, said she, to enter more these doors, but my Clarissa brings me after her

— He





Miss How lamenting over the Corps of  
Clarissa

— He led her into the parlour; where seeing the coffin, she withdrew her hand from his, impatiently pushed aside the lid, and removed the face-cloth. Then in a wild air, clasped her up-lifted hands together, now looking upon the corpse, now up to heaven: At last, breaking silence, O Sir! cried she, See you not here! — see you not here the glory of her sex! — Thus by the most villainous of your's — thus laid low? — O my blessed friend! My sweet companion! my lovely Montriss! — kissing her lips at every tender invocation. And is this all — is it all of my Clarissa's story? Then pausing, One tear, my beloved friend, cried she, didst thou allow me! — but this dumb sorrow! — O for a tear to ease my full-swoln heart that is just bursting — But why, Sir, Why, Mr. Morden, was she sent hither? — Why not to me? — She had no father, no mother, no relations! — They had all renounced her. I was her sympathizing friend, and had not I the best right to the dear creature's remains?

M u t

Must names without nature be preferred to such love as mine ? Again she kissed her lips, her forehead, and each cheek, sighing, as if her heart would break. But, why, why, said she, was I with-held from seeing my dearest friend, before she commenced angel ? —— delaying still, and too easily persuaded to delay the friendly visit, after which my heart panted ! —— What pain will this reflection give me ! ——

O my blessed friend ! Who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comfort-ing might have done for thee ! —— But one kiss more, my angel, my friend, my ever to be regretted, lost companion ! Adieu my dearest Clarissa ! —— thou art happy ! —— O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villainous Lovelaces, no hard-hearted relations will ever shock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity ! She was again silent, seeming to intend to go, tho' unable to leave the place, at the same time struggling with her grief, and her bosom heaving with anguish. At length a flood of tears happily gushing from her eyes,

Now

Now ! now ! cried she, I shall be easier ; but for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst —— More, many more tears than these are my Clarissa's due ! —— But why do I thus lament the happy ? And that thou art so is my comfort. It is, it is, dear creature ! again kissing her. Excuse me, Sir, added she, turning to Mr. Morden, I loved the dear Clarissa as never woman loved another. Excuse my frantic grief. How has the glory of her sex fallen a victim to cruelty and hard-heartedness ! Madam, said the Colonel, they all have it ! —— now indeed they have it ! And let them have it ! she returned ! I should belye my love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them ! —— But how unhappy am I, that I saw her not before these eyes were shut, before these lips were for ever closed ! — O Sir, you know not the wisdom that continually flowed from those lips ! nor what a friend I have lost ! —— Once more, added she, a solemn and everlasting adieu ! —— Alas for me, a solemn and everlasting adieu ! Then

again kissing her; she, with precipitation, hastened out of the room, rushed into her chariot, and giving way to a fresh burst of tears, departed.

After this the afflicted parents made another effort to see the corps; but at the sight of the coffin, Mrs. Harlowe was ready to faint, and being unable to stay, they were conducted out of the room, and the lid again screwed down.

The last office was performed with great decency, the body being attended by numbers of people of all ranks. The minister made a very pathetic funeral sermon; in repeating her praises, he frequently wiped his eyes, and every one present still oftener wiped theirs. She had a set of poor people whom she had chosen for their remarkable honesty, and ineffectual industry: These paid a voluntarily attendance on their kind benefactress; and mingling in the church, as they could crowd near the ayle where the corpse was placed, it was the less wonder that the preacher's encomiums

met

met with such general and grateful whispers of approbation.

Thus died, and thus was sincerely lamented, the pious, the virtuous, and the lovely Clarissa: About the same time died the vile and wicked Sinclair, who had prompted the intriguing Lovelace to perpetrate his villanies against the most accomplished lady; who like an infernal spirit, had hardened his heart against remorse; and basely assisted him, by horrid potions, to violate her honour, was reduced to a state of the most dreadful wretchedness. This infamous woman, in a fit of drunkenness, fell down stairs, broke her leg, and a mortification ensued. The approach of death, and the frightful idea of her guilty life, filled her mind with all the horrors of despair; and after lingering for several days in a state of the most extreme impatience of spirit, expired, filled with terror, and uttering the most dreadful execrations,

Lovelace, no sooner received the fatal note from Mr. Belford, which let him know that Clarissa was dead, than the agi-

tations of his mind made him behave with all the marks of distraction. He was soon actually deprived of his senses, and was obliged to be confined to his room. He had, at first, no ideas, but of dark and confused misery: His mind was distracted with inward horror; and the stings of conscience, thoughts of laying violent hands on himself, then rage, mischief and despair ruled by turns. His lucid intervals were even still worse; they being attended with the reflection of what he was the hour before, and what he was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life: deprived of reason; the sport of his enemies, and the laughter of fools. But soon recovering the use of his rational faculties, he endeavoured to blunt the stings of conscience, by assuming an affected gaiety, and rushing into scenes of mirth and dissipation. His friends persuaded him to travel for the recovery of his health, and Mr. Bellford being afraid of Colonel Morden, who had received some particulars of Lovelace's baseness, which he did not expect, hasten-

ed

ed his departure. Mr. Morden, about the same time, set out for Italy; when Mr. Harlowe's gardener, whom Lovelace had made use of to inflame the family against Clarissa, and who by the noise he made at the garden door, had forced her away from her friends, wrote to inform Lovelace that Colonel Morden had threatened his life; on this information, Lovelace sent a letter to Florence, to acquaint him with what he had heard, and where he might find him. Upon this Mr. Morden, who had before laid aside all thoughts of revenging his excellent cousin, thinking his honour concerned, instantly obeyed the summons; they met, and fought; and Lovelace, who vainly depending on his skill, imagined himself sure of victory, received two wounds, of which he died the next morning.

The news of Mr. Lovelace's unhappy fate was received with as much grief by his own relations, as it was with joy, by the Harlowe family, and particularly by Miss Howe. His family were indeed wor-

thy of pity, as they had sincerely admired the inimitable Clarissa, and had now the mortification of losing the only male of it by a violent death. Mr. Belford was also far from being unconcerned at this event. He seriously reflected on the deep remorse and unhappy end of that gay and sprightly rake, and the horrid exit of the infamous woman who had hardened his heart against the dictates of humanity and conscience; and on the other hand contemplated the example he had received from the piety and virtue of the most excellent of her sex; her noble preparation, and blessed departure: hence he looked with contempt and detestation on his former vices, and firmly resolved, by the divine assistance, to walk in the path of virtue and religion, which however rugged it may appear at its entrance, ends in glory and everlasting felicity.

Miss Howe, the faithful friend of the excellent Clarissa, and a lady of fine sense and understanding, is now married to Mr.

Hickman,

Hickman, a gentleman distinguished by his virtue and his good temper, with whom she lives in the greatest harmony.

With respect to the persons most nearly related to the excellent Clarissa, it will be proper to add; that Mrs. Harlow, survived her excellent daughter only about two years and a half, and Mr. Harlowe lived only about half a year after his lady: both in their last hours rejoicing in the thought that they should again see and join their happy daughter. They, however, lived to see their son and daughter married: but their nuptials gave them no comfort: for the son married a lady whom both his father and mother and uncles disapproved: she is a woman of family and an orphan; and is obliged at a very great expence, to support her claim to estates, which were his principal inducement to make his addresses to her; but which, as he has very powerful adversaries to contend with, he is never likely to recover. Meanwhile his ungenerous behaviour to his wife, for what is as much her misfortune as his, has

has rendered them both unhappy. He spends his life in misery and remorse, and when he opens his mind to the few whom he can call his friends, he attributes all his misfortunes to his inhuman treatment of the angelic Clarissa. His sister is his bitterest enemy; and if either know a joy, it is being told of some new misfortune happening to the other, and she being united to a libertine, spends her life in jealousy, vexation and discontent; she still regrets her cruel treatment of the admirable Clarissa, and (as well as her brother) is ready to attribute to that treatment her own unhappiness.

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